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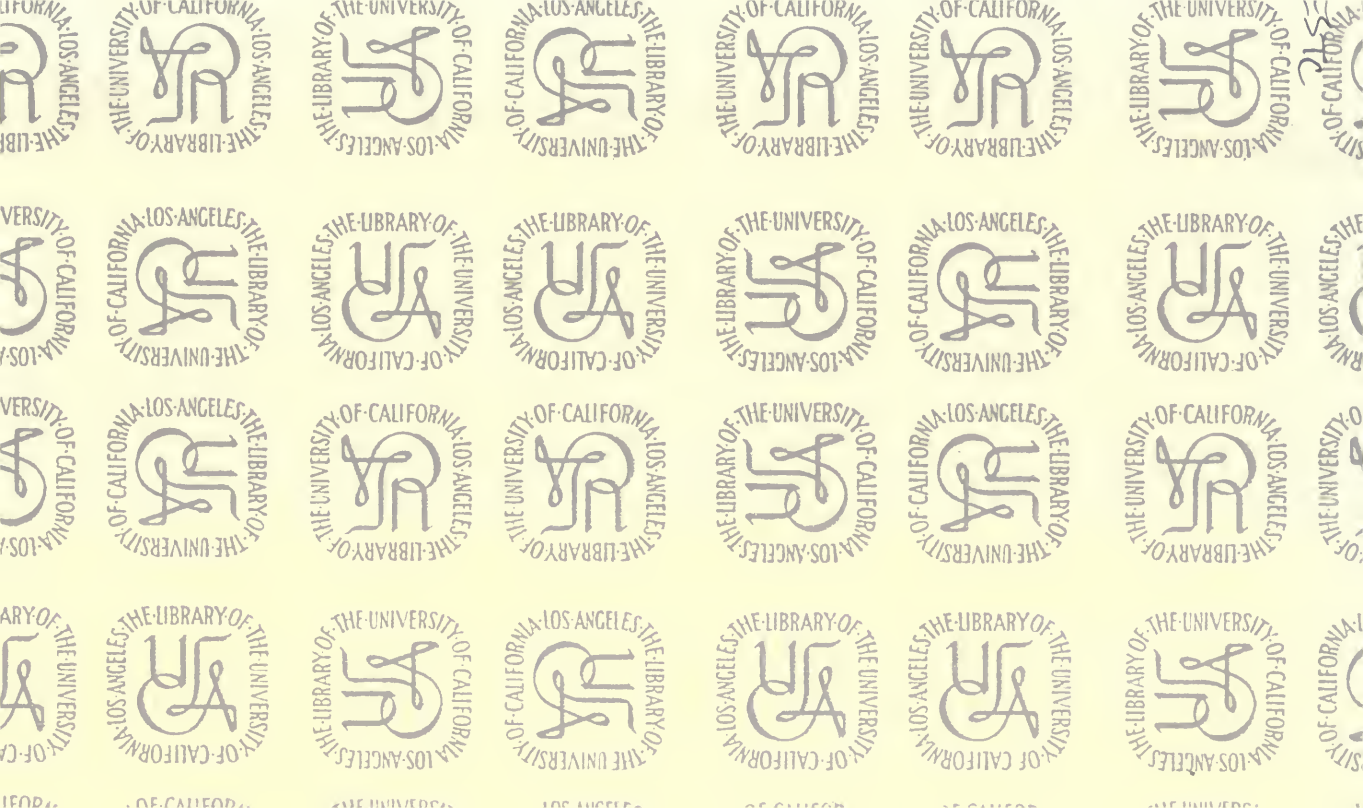
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CRITICISMS

ON THE

ROLLIAD.

PART THE FIRST.

SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, OPPOSITE SACKVILLE-STREET, PICCADILLY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE CRITICISMS on the ROLLIAD, in their original form, excited such a general curiosity, that three spurious editions have already been sold, independently of their publication in various of the Daily Papers, and Monthly Magazines. Such a marked testimony in their favour, cannot but be peculiarly flattering to us. We therefore thought it incumbent on us in return, to exert our utmost endeavours in rendering them, as far as our judgment will direct us, yet more worthy of that attention with which they have been honoured, imperfect as they fell from us, through a channel, that did not seem necessarily to demand any very great degree of precision.

In the present edition some few passages have been expunged; others softened; many enlarged; more corrected: and two whole numbers, with the greater part of

 a third,

a third, are altogether new. A poetico-proſaical Dedication to SIR LLOYD KENYON has alſo been added; and an Appendix is now given, conſiſting of Miſcellaneous Pieces, to which the Criticiſms incidentally refer.

It may perhaps give offence to ſome very chaſtized judgments, that in this our authentic edition, we have ſubjoined notes on a profeſſed commentary. Some ſhort explanations, however, appeared occaſionally neceſſary, more eſpecially as the ſubjects of Political Wit in their very nature are fugitive and evaneſcent. We only fear that our illuſtrations have not been ſufficiently frequent, as we have privately been aſked to what "Mr. Hardinge's Arithmetic" in the Dedication alluded; ſo little impreſſion was made on the public by the learned Gentleman's elaborate calculation of the Orations ſpoken, and the time expended in the diſcuſſion of the Weſtminſter Scrutiny! Indeed, we have known perſons even ignorant, that Sir Lloyd Kenyon voted for his ſtables.

This Edition has further been ornamented with a Tree of the Genealogy, and the Arms, Motto, and Creſt, of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES; for an explication of which we beg leave to refer the reader to page ix. The Genealogy is likewiſe given at full length from the Morning Herald, where it was originally publiſhed, and was probably the foundation of the ROLLIAD. It is therefore inſerted in its proper place, before the firſt extract from the Dedication to the Poem, which immediately preceded the firſt Numbers of the CRITICISMS.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

ONE very large impreſſion of the following work being already ſold, and the demand for it daily increaſing, it is now a ſecond time ſubmitted to the Public, reviſed and corrected from the many literal errors, which, with every precaution, will too often deform a firſt edition; eſpecially when circumſtances render an early publication neceſſary.

In the preſent edition ſome few alterations have been made, but none of any conſiderable magnitude; except that the Appendix of Miſcellaneous Pieces is here ſuppreſſed. This has been done, in ſome degree, for the conveniency of binding this firſt part of the CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD with the ſecond and third parts, now

now ſhortly to follow; but more indeed, in conſequence of a deſign, which we at preſent entertain, of printing moſt of thoſe pieces with other productions of the ſame Authors in one octavo volume, under the title of POLITICAL MISCELLANIES.

As the bulk and matter of the book are thus diminiſhed, the price alſo is proportionally reduced. Where THE CRITICISMS ſeem to require any elucidation from the contents of the former Appendix, extracts are now given at the bottom of the page inſtead of the references in our former Edition.

This ſlight change we flatter ourſelves will not be diſapproved by the Public; and we hope, that they will not receive with a leſs degree of favour the intimation here given of the Miſcellaneous Volume, which will probably be publiſhed in the courſe of the enſuing winter.

Expla-

Explanation of the FRONTISPIECE and TITLE-PAGE.

THE FRONTISPIECE repreſents Duke ROLLO, with his Sword and Ducal Coronet lying by his ſide. It is ſuppoſed to be a ſtriking likeneſs, and was copied from a painting in the Window of a Church at Rouen in Normandy. From this illuſtrious Warrior ſprings a Tree of the Genealogy of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES. The moſt eminent of this great Family alone are noticed. The particulars of their hiſtory may be found in page xxvii and xxviii.

The TITLE-PAGE exhibits the Arms, Motto, and Creſt of the Family. The Arms are, Three French Rolls, Or, between two Rolls of Parchment, Proper, placed in form of a Cheveron on a Field Argent—The Motto is *Jouez bien votre Rôle*, or, as we have ſometimes ſeen it ſpelt —*Rolle*. The Creſt, which has been lately changed by the preſent Mr. ROLLE, is a half-length of the Maſter of the Rolls, like a Lion demi-rampant with a Roll of Parchment inſtead of a Pheon's Head between his Paws.

DEDICATION.

To Sir LLOYD KENYON, Bart.

MASTER of the ROLLS, &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

IT was originally my intention to have dedicated the Criticisms on the Rolliad, as the Rolliad itself is dedicated to the illustrious character, from whose hereditary name the Poem derives it's title; and *, as I some time since apprized the public, I had actually obtained his permission to lay this little work at his feet. No sooner, however, was he made acquainted with my after-thought of inscribing my book to YOUR HONOUR, but, with the liberality, which ever marks a great mind, he wrote to me of his own accord, declaring his compleat acquiescence in the propriety of the alteration. For if I may take the liberty of transcribing his own ingeni-

* In a Postscript originally subjoined to the 8th Number.

ous and modeſt expreſſion, "I am myſelf," ſaid he, "but *a ſimple Rolle*; SIR "LLOYD KENYON *is a Maſter of Rolls.*"

Great ROLLO's heir, whoſe cough, whoſe laugh, whoſe groan,
The' Antæus EDMUND has ſo oft o'erthrown;
Whoſe cry of "queſtion" ſilenc'd CHARLES's ſenſe,
That cry, more powerful than PITT's eloquence;
Ev'n he, thus high in glory, as in birth,
Yields willing way to thy ſuperior worth.

Indeed, if I had not been ſo happy as to receive this expreſs ſanction of Mr. ROLLE's concurrence, I ſhould nevertheleſs have thought myſelf juſtified in preſuming it from the very diſtinguiſhed teſtimony, which he has lately borne to your merits, by taking a demi-rampant of YOUR HONOUR for his creſt; a circumſtance, in my opinion, ſo highly complimentary to YOUR HONOUR, that I was ſtudious to have it as extenſively known as poſſible. I have therefore given directions to my Publiſher, to exhibit your portrait, with the ROLLE Arms and Motto, by way of Vignette in the Title Page; that, diſplayed, as I truſt

it

it will be at the Window of every Bookſeller in Great-Britain, it may thus attract the admiration of the moſt incurious, as they paſs along the ſtreets. This ſolicitude, to diffuſe the knowledge of your perſon, as widely as your fame, may poſſibly occaſion ſome little diſtreſs to your modeſty; yet permit me to hope, SIR LLOYD, that the motive will plead my pardon; and, perhaps, even win the approbation of your ſmile; if you can be ſuppoſed to ſmile without offence to the gravity of that nature, which ſeems from your very birth to have marked you for a Judge.

Behold the' Engraver's mimic labours trace
The ſober image of that ſapient face:
See him, in each peculiar charm exact,
Below dilate it, and above contract;
For Nature thus, inverting her deſign,
From vulgar ovals hath diſtinguiſh'd thine:
See him each nicer character ſupply,
The pert no-meaning puckering round the eye,
The mouth in plaits preciſe demurely clos'd,
Each order'd feature, and each line compos'd,
Where Wiſdom ſits a-ſquat, in ſtarch diſguiſe,
Like Dulneſs couch'd, to catch us by ſurpriſe.

And

And now he ſpreads around thy pomp of wig,
In owl-like pride of legal honours big;
That wig, which once of curl on curl profuſe,
In well-kept buckle ſtiff, and ſmugly ſpruce,
Deck'd the plain Pleader; then in nobler taſte,
With well-friz'd buſh the' Attorney-General grac'd;
And widely waving now with ampler flow,
Still with thy titles and thy fame ſhall grow.
Behold, SIR LLOYD, and while with fond delight
The dear reſemblance feaſts thy partial ſight,
Smile, if thou canſt; and, ſmiling, on this book
Caſt the glad omen of one favouring look.

But it is on public grounds, that I principally wiſh to vindicate my choice of YOUR HONOUR for my Patron. The ROLLIAD, I have reaſon to believe, owed its exiſtence to the * memorable ſpeech of the Member for Devonſhire on the firſt diſcuſſion of the Weſtminſter Scrutiny, when he ſo emphatically proved himſelf the genuine deſcendant of DUKE ROLLO; and in the noble contempt which he

* Mr. Rolle ſaid, "he could not be kept all the ſummer debating about the rights of the Weſtminſter Electors. His private concerns were of more importance to him, than his right as a Weſtminſter Elector."

avowed,

avowed, for the boasted rights of Electors, seemed to breathe the very soul of his great progenitor, who came to extirpate the liberties of Englishmen with the sword. It must be remembered, however, that YOUR HONOUR ministered the occasion to his glory. You, SIR LLOYD, have ever been reputed the immediate Author of the Scrutiny. Your opinion is said to have been privately consulted on the framing of the Return; and your public defence of the High-Bailiff's proceeding, notoriously furnished Mr. ROLLE, and the other friends of the Minister, with all the little argument, which they advanced against the objected exigency of the Writ. You taught them to reverence that holy thing, the Conscience of a Returning Officer, above all Law, Precedent, Analogy, Public Expediency, and the popular Right of Representation, to which our Forefathers erroneously paid religious respect, as to the most sacred franchise of our Constitution. You prevailed on them to manifest an impartiality singularly honourable; and to prefer the sanctity of this single Conscience,

to

to a round dozen of the moſt immaculate conſciences, choſen in the pureſt poſſible manner from their own pure Houſe of Commons.

Thine is the glorious meaſure; thine alone:
Thee, Father of the Scrutiny, we own.
Ah! without thee, what treaſures had we loſt,
More worth, than twenty Scrutinies would coſt!
To' inſtruct the Veſtry, and convince the Houſe,
What Law from MURPHY! what plain ſenſe from ROUS!
What wit from MULGRAVE! from DUNDAS, what truth!
What perfect virtue from the VIRTUOUS YOUTH!
What deep reſearch from ARDEN the profound!
What argument from BEARCROFT ever ſound!
By MUNCASTER what generous offers made;
By HARDINGE, what arithmetic diſplay'd!
And, oh! what rhetoric, from MAHON that broke;
What printed ſpeeches, which he never ſpoke!
Ah! without thee, what worth, neglected long,
Had wanted ſtill its deareſt meed of ſong!
In vain high-blooded ROLLE, unknown to fame,
Had boaſted ſtill the honours of his name:
In vain had exercis'd his noble ſpleen
On BURKE and FOX—the ROLLIAD had not been.

But, alas! SIR LLOYD, at the very moment, while I am writing, intelligence has reached me, that the Scrutiny is at an end. Your favourite meaſure is no more. The child of your affection has met a ſudden and a violent fate. I truſt, however, that "the Ghoſt of the departed Scrutiny" (in the bold but beautiful language of Mr. DUNDAS) will yet haunt the ſpot, where it was brought forth, where it was foſtered, and where it fell. Like the Ghoſt of Hamlet it ſhall be a perturbed ſpirit, though it may not come in a queſtionable ſhape. It ſhall fleet before the eyes of thoſe to whom it was dear, to admoniſh them, how they ruſh into future dangers; to make known the ſecret of its private hoards; or to confeſs to them the ſins of its former days, and to implore their piety, that they would give peace to its ſhade, by making juſt reparation. Perhaps too, it may ſometimes viſit the murderer, like the ghoſt of Banquo, to daſh his joys. It cannot indeed riſe up in its proper form to puſh him from his ſeat, yet it may aſſume ſome other

formidable appearance to be his eternal tormentor. Theſe, however, are but viſionary conſolations, while every loyal boſom muſt feel ſubſtantial affliction from the late iniquitous vote, tyrannically compelling the High-Bailiff to make a return after an enquiry of nine months only; eſpecially when you had ſo lately armed him with all power neceſſary to make his enquiry effectual.

* Ah! how ſhall I the' unrighteous vote bewail?
Again corrupt Majorities prevail.
Poor CORBETT's Conſcience, tho' a little loth,
Muſt blindly gape, and gulp the' untaſted oath;
If he, whoſe conſcience never felt a qualm,
If GROJAN fail the good-man's doubts to calm.
No more ſhall MORGAN, for his ſix months hire,
Contend, that Fox ſhould ſhare the' expence of fire;

Whole

* I ſhall give the Reader in one continued note, what information I think neceſſary for underſtanding theſe verſes: During the ſix months that the Scrutiny continued in St. Martin's, the moſt diſtinguiſh'd exhibition of Mr. Morgan's talents was the maintenance of an argument, that Mr. Fox ought to pay half the expence of fire in the room where the Witneſſes attended. The learned Gentleman is familiarly called *Frog*, to which I preſume the Author alludes

Whole Seſſions ſhall he *croak*, nor bear away
The price, that paid the ſilence of a day:
No more, till COLLICK ſome new ſtory hatch,
Long-winded ROUS for hours ſhall praiſe Diſpatch;
COLLICK to Wigs and Warrants back ſhall ſlink,
And ROUS, a Pamphleteer, re-plunge in ink:
MURPHY again French Comedies ſhall ſteal,
Call them his own, and garble, to conceal;
Or, pilfering ſtill, and patching without grace
His thread-bare ſhreds of Virgil out of place,
With Dreſs, and Scenery, Attitude, and Trick,
Swords, Daggers, Shouts, and Trumpets in the nick,
With Ahs! and Ohs! Starts, Pauſes, Rant, and Rage,
Give a new GRECIAN DAUGHTER to the Stage:
But, Oh, SIR CECIL!—Fled to ſhades again
From the proud roofs, which here he rais'd in vain,
He ſeeks, unhappy! with the Muſe to cheer
His riſing griefs, or drown them in ſmall-beer;

alludes in the word *croak*.—Mr. Rous ſpoke two hours to recommend Expedition. At the time the late Parliament was diſſolved, he wrote two Pamphlets in favour of the Miniſtry. I have forgot the titles of theſe Pamphlets, as probably the Reader has too, if he ever knew them. However, I can aſſure him of the fact.—Mr. Collick, the Witneſs-General of Sir Cecil Wray, is a Hair-Merchant and Juſtice of Peace. Sir Cecil's taſte both for Poetry and Small-Beer are well known, as is the preſent unfiniſhed ſtate of his newly-fronted houſe in Pall-Mall.

Alas! the Muſe capricious flies the hour
When moſt we need her, and the Beer is ſour:
Mean time Fox thunders faction uncontrol'd,
Crown'd with freſh laurels, from new triumphs bold.

Theſe general evils ariſing from the termination of the Scrutiny, YOUR HONOUR, I doubt not, will ſincerely lament in common with all true lovers of their King and Country. But in addition to theſe, you, SIR LLOYD, have particular cauſe to regret, that * "the laſt hair in this tail of procraſtination" is plucked. I well know, what eager anxiety you felt to eſtabliſh the ſuffrage, which you gave, as the delegate of your Coach-horſes: and I unaffectedly condole with you, that you have loſt this great opportunity of diſplaying your unfathomable knowledge and irreſiſtible logic to the confuſion of your enemies. How learnedly would you have quoted the memorable inſtance of Darius, who was elected King of Perſia by the caſting vote

* "This appears to be the laſt hair in the tail of procraſtination." The Maſter of the Rolls, who firſt uſed this phraſe, is a moſt eloquent ſpeaker. See Lord Mulg. Eſſays on Eloquence, Vol. II.

of

of his Horſe! Though indeed the merits of that election have been ſince impeached, not from any alledged illegality of the vote itſelf, if it had been fairly given; but becauſe ſome jockeyſhip has been ſuſpected, and the voter, it has been ſaid, was bribed the night before the election! How ably too would you have applied the caſe of Caligula's horſe, who was choſen Conſul of Rome! For if he was capable of being elected, (you would have ſaid) *à fortiori*, there could have been no natural impediment to his being an elector; ſince *omne majus continet in ſe minus*, and the truſt is certainly greater to fill the firſt offices of the ſtate, than to have one ſhare among many in appointing to them. Neither can I ſuppoſe that you would have omitted ſo grave and weighty an authority as Captain Gulliver, who, in the courſe of his voyages, diſcovered a country, where Horſes diſcharged every Duty of Political Society. You might then have paſſed to the early hiſtory of our own iſland, and have expatiated on the known veneration in which horſes were held by our Saxon Anceſtors;

who,

who, by the way, are ſuppoſed alſo to have been the founders of Parliaments. You might have touched on their famous ſtandard; digreſſed to the antiquities of the White Horſe, in Berkſhire, and other ſimilar monuments in different counties; and from thence have urged the improbability, that when they inſtituted elections, they ſhould have neglected the rights of an animal, thus highly eſteemed and almoſt ſanctified among them. I am afraid indeed, that with all your Religion and Loyalty, you could not have made much uſe of the White Horſe of Death, or the White Horſe of Hanover. But for a *bonne bouche*, how beautifully might you have introduced your favourite maxim of *ubi ratio, ibi jus!* and to prove the reaſon of the thing, how convincingly might you have deſcanted, in an elegant panegyric on the virtues and abilities of horſes, from Xanthus the Grecian Conjuring Horſe, whoſe prophecies are celebrated by Homer, down to the Learned Little Horſe over Weſtminſter Bridge! with whom you might have concluded, lamenting that, as he is not an

Elector, the Veſtry could not have the aſſiſtance of one, capable of doing ſo much more juſtice to the queſtion than yourſelf! —Pardon me, SIR LLOYD, that I have thus attempted to follow the ſuppoſed courſe of your oratory. I feel it to be truly inimitable. Yet ſuch was the impreſſion made on my mind by ſome of YOUR HONOUR's late reaſonings reſpecting the Scrutiny, that I could not withſtand the involuntary impulſe of endeavouring, for my own improvement, to attain ſome faint likeneſs of that wonderful pertinency and cogency, which I ſo much admired in the great original.

How ſhall the neighing kind thy deeds requite,
Great YAHOO Champion of the HOUYHNHNM's right?
In grateful memory may thy dock-tail pair,
Unharm'd convey thee with ſure-footed care.
Oh! may they gently pacing o'er the ſtones
With no rude ſhock annoy thy batter'd bones,
Cruſh thy judicial cauliflow'r, and down
Shower the mix'd lard and powder o'er thy gown,
Or in unſeemly wrinkles creaſe that band,
Fair work of fairer LADY KENYON's hand.

No!—

No!—May the pious brutes, with meaſur'd ſwing,
Aſſiſt the friendly motion of the ſpring,
While golden dreams of perquiſites and fees
Employ thee, ſlumbering o'er thine own decrees.
But when a Stateſman in St. Stephen's walls
Thy Country claims thee, and the Treaſury calls,
To pour thy ſplendid bile in bitter tide
On hardened Sinners who with Fox divide,
Then may they rattling on in jumbling trot
With rage and jolting make thee doubly hot,
Fire thy Welch blood, enflamed with zeal and leeks,
And kindle the red terrors of thy cheeks,
Till all thy gather'd wrath in furious fit
On RIGBY burſts—unleſs he votes with PITT.

I might here, SIR LLOYD, launch into a new panegyric on the ſubject of this concluding couplet. But in this I ſhall imitate your moderation, who for reaſons beſt known to yourſelf, have long abandoned to Mr. ROLLE* "thoſe loud and repeated calls on notorious defaulters, which will never be forgiven by certain patriots." Beſides, I conſider your public-ſpirited behaviour in the late Election and Scrutiny

* Mr. Ridgway tells me, he thinks there is ſomething like theſe words in one of the Reviews, where the ROLLIAD is criticiſed.

for

for Weſtminſter, as the great monument of your fame to all poſterity. I have, therefore, dwelt on this,—more eſpecially as it was immediately connected with the origin of the ROLLIAD—till my dedication has run to ſuch a length, that I cannot think of detaining your valuable time any longer; unleſs merely to requeſt YOUR HONOUR's zealous protection of a work which may be in ſome ſort attributed to you, as its ultimate cauſe, which is embelliſhed with your portrait, and which now records in this addreſs, the moſt brilliant exploit of your political glory.

Choak'd by *a Roll*, 'tis ſaid, that OTWAY died;
OTWAY the Tragic Muſe's tender pride.
Oh! may my ROLLE to me thus favour'd give
A better fate;—that I may eat, and live!

I am, YOUR HONOUR'S
Moſt obedient,
Moſt reſpectful,
Moſt devoted, humble ſervant,
THE EDITOR.

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE FAMILY OF THE

ROLLOS, NOW ROLLES,

FAITHFULLY EXTRACTED FROM THE

RECORDS OF THE HERALD'S OFFICE.

JOHN ROLLE, Esq; is descended from the ancient Duke ROLLO, of Normandy; ROLLO passed over into Britain, anno 983, where he soon begat another ROLLO, upon the wife of a Saxon drummer. Our young ROLLO was distinguished by his gigantic stature, and, as we learn from ODERICUS VITALIS, was slain by Hildebrand, the Danish Champion, in a fit of jealousy. We find in Camden, that the race of the ROLLOS fell into adversity in the reign of Stephen, and in the succeeding reign, GASPAR DE ROLLO was an Ostler in Denbighshire.—But during the unhappy contests of York and Lancaster, William de Wyrcester, and the continuator of the annals of Croyland have it, that the ROLLOS became Scheriffes of Devon. "*Scheriffi Devonienses* ROLLI *fuerunt*"—and in another passage, "*arrestaverunt Debitores*

plurime ROLLORUM"—hence a doubt in Fabian, whether this ROLLO was not Bailiff, *ipse potius quam Scheriffus*. From this period, however, they gradually advanced in circumstances; ROLLO, in Henry the VIIIth, being amerced in 800 marks for pilfering two manchetts of beef from the King's buttery, the which, saith Selden, *facillime payavit*.

In 7th and 8th of Phil. and Mar. three ROLLOS indeed were gibetted for piracy, and from that date the family changed the final O of the name into an E. In the latter annals of the ROLLOS, now ROLLES, but little of consequence is handed down to us. We have it that TIMOTHY ROLLE of Plympton, in the 8th of Queen Anne, endowed three alms-houses in said town. JEREMIAH his second son was counted the fattest man of his day,—and DOROTHEA ROLLE his third cousin died of a terrible dysentery. From this period the ROLLES have burst upon public notice, with such a blaze of splendour, as renders all further accounts of this illustrious race entirely unnecessary.

EX-

EXTRACT FROM THE DEDICATION

OF THE

ROLLIAD,

AN

EPIC POEM,

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

WHEN Norman ROLLO fought fair Albion's coaſt,
(Long may his offspring prove their country's boaſt!)
Thy genius, Britain, ſure inſpir'd his ſoul
To bleſs this iſland with the race of ROLLE.
Illuſtrious ROLLE! O may thy honour'd name
Roll down diſtinguiſh'd on the *Rolls* of fame!
Still firſt be found on Devon's county polls!
Still future Senates boaſt their future ROLLES!
Since of all *Rolls* which in this world we ſee,
The world has ne'er produc'd a *Roll* like thee.
Hot *Rolls* and butter break the Briton's faſt,
Thy ſpeeches yield a more ſublime repaſt.
Compar'd to thine, how ſmall their boaſted heat!
Nor, mix'd with treacle, are they half ſo ſweet.
O'er *Rolls* of parchment Antiquarians pore,
Thy mind, O ROLLE, affords a richer ſtore.
Let thoſe on law or hiſtory who write,
To Rolls of Parliament reſort for light,

Whilſt

Whilſt o'er our Senate, from our living ROLLE
Beam the bright rays of an enlighten'd ſoul;
In wonder loſt, we ſlight their uſeleſs ſtuff,
And feel one ROLLE of Parliament enough.
The ſkill'd muſician to direct his band,
Waves high a Roll of paper in his hand;
When PITT would drown the eloquence of BURKE,
You ſeem the ROLLE beſt ſuited to the work;
His well-train'd band, obedient know their cue,
And cough and groan in uniſon with you.
Thy god-like anceſtor, in valour tried,
Still bravely fought by conqu'ring WILLIAM's ſide;
In Britiſh blood he drench'd his purple ſword,
Proud to partake the triumphs of his lord:
So you, with zeal, ſupport through each debate,
The conqu'ring WILLIAM of a later date;
Whene'er he ſpeaks, attentive ſtill to chear
The lofty nothings with a friendly "hear,"
And proud your leader's glory to promote,
Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.
Ah! ſure while Coronets like hailſtones fly,
When Peers are made, the Gods alone know why,
Thy hero's gratitude, O ROLLE, to thee,
A ducal diadem might well decree;
Great ROLLO's title to thy houſe reſtore,
Let E uſurp the place of O no more.
Then ROLLE himſelf ſhould be what ROLLO was before.

CRI-

CRITICISMS

ON THE

ROLLIAD.

N° I.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci."

NOTHING can be more conſonant to the advice of Horace and Ariſtotle, than the conduct of our author throughout this poem. The action is one, entire, and great event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a Saxon Drummer. The Poem opens with a moſt laboured and maſterly deſcription of a Storm. ROLLO's ſtate of mind in this arduous ſituation is finely painted:

Now ROLLO ſtorms more loudly than the wind,
Now doubts and black deſpair perplex his mind;
Hopeleſs to ſee his veſſel ſafely harbour'd,
He hardly knows his ſtarboard from his larboard!

That

That a hero in diſtreſs ſhould not know his right hand from his left, is moſt natural and affecting; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared ſufficiently poetical, but the technical expreſſions of our author convey the idea in all the blaze of metaphor. The ſtorm at length ſubſides, and ROLLO is ſafely landed on the coaſt of Suſſex. His firſt exploit, like that of Æneas, is deer-ſtealing. He then ſets out in the diſguiſe of a Suſſex Smuggler, to obtain intelligence of the country and its inhabitants:

Wrapt in a cloſe great-coat, he plods along;
A ſeeming Smuggler, to deceive the throng.

This expedient of the Smuggler's Great-coat, we muſt acknowledge, is not quite ſo Epic, as the veil of clouds, with which Minerva, in the Odyſſey, and Venus in the Æneid, ſurround their reſpective heroes. It is, however, infinitely more natural, and gains in propriety, what it loſes in ſublimity. Thus diſguiſed, our adventurer arrives at the Country-houſe of Dame SHIPTON, a lady of exquiſite beauty, and firſt

Concubine

Concubine to the Uſurper HAROLD. Her likeneſs (as we all know) is ſtill preſerved at the wax-work in Fleet-ſtreet. To this lady ROLLO diſcovers himſelf, and is received by her in the moſt hoſpitable manner. At ſupper, he relates to her, with great modeſty, his former actions, and his deſign of conquering England; in which (charmed with the grace which he eats and tells ſtories) ſhe promiſes to aſſiſt him, and they ſet off together for London. In the third book Dame SHIPTON, or as the author ſtyles her, SHIPTONIA, propoſes a party to the puppet-ſhew; on the walk they are ſurprized by a ſhower, and retire under Temple-bar, where Shiptonia forgets her fidelity to Harold. We are ſorry to obſerve, that this incident is not ſufficiently poetical, nor does Shiptonia part with her chaſtity in ſo ſolemn a manner as Dido in the Æneid. In the opening of the fourth book likewiſe, we think our author inferior to Virgil, whom he exactly copies, and in ſome places tranſlates; he begins in this manner:

But now (for thus it was decreed above)
SHIPTONIA falls exceſſively in love;
In every vein, great ROLLO's eyes and fame,
Light up, and then add fuel to the flame!
His words, his beauty, ſtick within her breaſt,
Nor do her cares afford her any reſt.

Here we think that Virgil's "hærent infixi pectore vultus verbaque," is ill tranſlated by the proſaic word *ſtick*. We muſt confeſs, however, that from the deſpair and death of Shiptonia, to the * battle of Haſtings, in which ROLLO kills with his own hand the Saxon Drummer, and carries off his wife, the Poem abounds with beautiful details. But the ſixth book, in which

* It appears from the Genealogy of the Rollos, that Duke ROLLO came to England more than 60 years before the Battle of Haſtings; though the Poet repreſents him as the principal hero in that memorable engagement. But ſuch deviations from hiſtory are among the common licenſes of poetry. Thus Virgil, for the ſake of a beautiful Epiſode, makes Dido live in the time of Æneas, whereas ſhe lived in reality 200 years before the Trojan war; and if authority more in point be deſired, Mr. Cumberland wrote a Tragedy, called the Battle of Haſtings, in which there was not a ſingle event, except the death of Harold, that had the ſlighteſt foundation in hiſtorical fact, or even probability.

ROLLO almoſt deſpairing of ſucceſs, deſcends into a Night Cellar to conſult the illuſtrious MERLIN on his future deſtiny, is a maſter-piece of elegance.

In this book, as the Philoſopher's magic lantern exhibits the characters of all ROLLO's deſcendants, and even of all thoſe who were to act on the ſame ſtage with the Marcellus of the piece, the preſent illuſtrious Mr. ROLLE, we mean to ſelect in our next number ſome of the moſt ſtriking paſſages of this inexhauſtible Magazine of Poetry!

N° II.

OUR author, after giving an account of the immediate deſcendants of ROLLO, finds himſelf conſiderably embarraſſed by the three unfortunate ROLLOS *, whom hiſtory relates to have been hanged. From this difficulty however, he relieves himſelf, by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by verſifying the bill of indictment, and inſerting in it a flaw, by which they are ſaved from condemnation. But in the tranſactions of thoſe early times, however dignified the phraſeology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and leſs to intereſt; let us haſten, therefore, to thoſe characters about whom, not to be ſolicitous, is to want curioſity, and whom not to admire, is to want gratitude —to thoſe characters, in ſhort, whoſe ſplendour illuminates the preſent Houſe of Commons.

* See the Genealogy, p. 27, 28.

Of

Of theſe, our author's principal favourite appears to be that amiable * young Nobleman, whoſe Diary we have all peruſed with ſo much pleaſure. Of him he ſays,———

———Superior to abuſe,
He nobly glories in the name of Goose;
Such Geeſe at Rome from the perfidious Gaul,
Preſerv'd the Treas'ry-Bench and Capitol, &c. &c.

In the deſcription of Lord Mahon, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity,———

———This Quixote of the Nation,
Beats his own Windmills in geſticulation,
To *ſtrike*, not *pleaſe*, his utmoſt force he bends,
And all his ſenſe is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the moſt beautiful effort of our author's genius, (if we except only the character of Mr. Rolle himſelf) is contained in the deſcription of Mr. Pitt.

* Lord Graham.

Pert

Pert without fire, without experience ſage,
Young with more art than SHELBURNE glean'd from age,
Too proud from pilfer'd greatneſs to deſcend,
Too humble not to call DUNDAS his friend,
In ſolemn dignity and ſullen ſtate,
This new Octavius riſes to debate!
Mild and more mild he ſees each placid row
Of Country Gentlemen with rapture glow;
He ſees, convuls'd with ſympathetic throbs,
Apprentice Peers and deputy Nabobs!
Nor Rum Contractors think his ſpeech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his Tongue!
O Soul congenial to the Souls of ROLLES!
Whether you tax the luxury of Coals,
Or vote ſome neceſſary Millions more,
To feed an Indian friend's exhauſted ſtore.
Fain would I praiſe (if I like thee could praiſe)
Thy matchleſs virtues in congenial lays.
But, Ah! too weak, &c. &c,

This apology, however, is like the *nolo epiſcopari* of Biſhops; for our author continues his panegyric during about one hundred and fifty lines more, after which he proceeds to a taſk (as he ſays) more congenial to his abilities, and paints

—— in ſmooth confectionary ſtile,
The ſimpering ſadneſs of his MULGRAVE's ſmile.

From the character of this nobleman we ſhall only ſelect a part of one couplet, which tends to elucidate our author's aſtoniſhing powers in imitative harmony.

——" within his lab'ring throat
The ſhrill ſhriek ſtruggles with the harſh hoarſe note."

As we mean to excite, and not to ſatisfy at once the curioſity of our readers, we ſhall here put a period to our extracts for the preſent. We cannot, however, conclude this eſſay, without obſerving, that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to thoſe we have ſelected for the entertainment of our readers.

N°

N° III.

IN proof of the assurance with which we concluded our last number, we shall now proceed to give the character of SIR RICHARD HILL.

Our Readers, probably, are well acquainted with the worthy Baronet's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester; and they may possibly remember (if they were awake, when they read them) some elegant verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons, and afterwards inserted in the public papers, as the production of a sleepless Night. We know not, however, if they may so easily recall to mind his remarkable declaration, both of his Loyalty and Religion, in the prettily-turned phrase, "that indeed he loved King GEORGE very well, but he loved King JESUS better." But as our Poet has alluded to it, we thought it necessary to mention it; and for the same reason

reaſon to add, that like Lord MAHON, Major SCOTT, Mr. ATKINSON, Mr. WILKES, and Captain J. LUTTRELL, he writes his own ſpeeches for the public Reporters. We ſhould alſo have been happy to have enlivened our commentary with ſome extracts from the controverſy, at which our Author glances; we mean the anſwer of Sir Richard to Mr. Madan, on the doctrine of Polygamy; a ſubject, which the tenour of our Baronet's reading in his two favourite books, peculiarly qualified him to handle with equal pleaſantry and orthodoxy. But all our induſtry to procure his pamphlet, unfortunately proved ineffectual. We never ſaw more of it than the title-page, which we formerly purchaſed, in the lining of a trunk, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.

We are conſcious, that theſe introductory explanations muſt ſeem doubly dull, to Readers impatient for ſuch exquiſite poetry as the ROLLIAD. They appeared, however, indiſpenſible to the due underſtand-

ing of the verſes, which we ſhall now give without further preface.

Brother of ROWLAND, or, if yet more dear,
Sounds thy new title, Couſin of a Peer;
Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
Alike what God inſpir'd, or what the Devil;
Speaker well ſkill'd, what no man hears, to write;
Sleep-giving Poet of a ſleepleſs night;
Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
Now laſhing MADAN, now defending PITT;
Thy praiſe ſhall live till time itſelf be o'er,
Friend of King GEORGE, tho' of King JESUS more!

The ſolemnity of this opening is well ſuited to the dignity of the occaſion. The heroes of Homer generally addreſs each other by an appellative, marking their affinity to ſome illuſtrious perſonage. The Grecian poet, it muſt be confeſſed, in ſuch caſes, uſes a patronymic, expreſſive of the genealogy; as *Pelides*, *Æacides*, *Laertiades*; but it is not abſolutely neceſſary to obſerve this rule.—For, * M'Pherſon, a poet with whom our author is moſt likely to be inti-

* Mr. M'Pherſon is ſaid to be one of the principal writers on the ſide of the preſent adminiſtration.

mately

mately acquainted, makes his hero Fingal, addreſs Oſſian by the title of "Father of Oſcar." It ſhould ſeem therefore to be ſufficient, if in addreſſing a great man, you particulariſe any celebrated character of the family who may be ſuppoſed to reflect honour on his connections; and the Reverend ROWLAND HILL was certainly the moſt celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations, before the late creation of Lord BERWICK, on which the next line happily touches.

Our author ſeems very fond of Mr. DUNDAS,

Whoſe exalted ſoul
No bonds of vulgar prejudice controul.
Of ſhame unconſcious in his bold career,
He ſpurns that honour, which the weak revere;
For true to public Virtue's patriot plan,
He loves *the Miniſter* and not *the Man*;
Alike, the Advocate of NORTH and Wit,
The friend of SHELBURNE, and the guide of PITT.
His ready tongue with ſophiſtries at will,
Can ſay, unſay, and be conſiſtent ſtill;
This day can cenſure, and the next retract,
In ſpeech extol, and ſtigmatize in act;

Turn and re-turn; whole hours at HASTINGS bawl,
Defend, praiſe, thank, affront him, and recall.
By oppoſition, he his King ſhall court;
And damn the People's cauſe by his ſupport.
He like ſome Angel, ſent to ſcourge mankind,
Shall deal forth plagues,—in charity deſign'd.
The Weſt he would have ſtarv'd; yet, ever good,
But meant to ſave the' effuſion of her blood:
And if, from fears of his Controul releaſt
He looſes Rapine now, to ſpoil the Eaſt;
'Tis but to fire another SYKES to plan
Some new ſtarvation-ſcheme for Hindoſtan;
Secure, to make her flouriſh, as before,
More populous, by loſing myriads more.

Our author here ſeems to underſtand the famous ſtarvation-ſcheme of Mr. DUNDAS, as literally deſigned to produce an actual famine in America, though undoubtedly from the moſt benevolent motives imaginable. But this is contradicted by a * late writer, who appears to be perfectly converſant with the language and purpoſes of our preſent men in power. "Starvation (ſays he) is not ſynonymous with famine; for Mr. Dundas moſt certainly could not

* Key to Parliamentary Debates, publiſhed by Debrett.

intend to produce a famine in America, which is the granary of the Weſt-Indies, and of a great part of Europe. The word Starvation (continues he) was intended by Mr. Dundas to expreſs a ſcheme of his own, by which he meant to prevent the Americans from eating when they were hungry, and had food within their reach; thereby inſuring their reduction without blood-ſhed." However both authors agree that Mr. Dundas propoſed to ſtarve the Americans (whatever was to be the mode of doing it) in mere compaſſion, to ſave them from the horrors of throat-cutting. How finely too does the Poet trace the ſame charitable diſpoſition in the late meaſures of Mr. Dundas and his Colleagues at the Board of Controul! Factious men have ſaid, that the Indian politics of the new Commiſſioners have a direct tendency, beyond any former ſyſtem, to encourage every kind of peculation and extortion. But what kind Mr. Dundas would peculiarly wiſh to encourage, can admit of no doubt from his known partiality to ſtarving—any body, but himſelf. And how, indeed,

indeed, can the proſperity of the Eaſt be better conſulted than by ſome new ſtarvation-ſcheme; ſuch as was contrived and executed by certain humane individuals in the year 1770, with the moſt ſalutary event? For, notwithſtanding one-third of the inhabitants of Bengal were then ſwept away by the famine, the province, in conſequence, is now become more populous than ever. This may a little diſturb all vulgar notions of cauſe and effect; but the writer above-mentioned proves the fact by the teſtimony of Major Scott.

There are many more lines relating to Mr. Dundas. But as this Gentleman's character is ſo perfectly underſtood by the public, we ſhall rather ſelect a ſhort catalogue of ſome among the inferior Miniſterial Heroes, who have hitherto been leſs frequently deſcribed.

DRAKE, whoſe cold rhetoric freezes in its courſe,
BANKS the preciſe, and fluent WILBERFORCE,
With either PHIPPS, a ſcribbling, prattling pair!
And VILLERS, comely with the flaxen hair;
The gentle GRENVILLE's ever-grinning Son,
And the dark brow of ſolemn HAMILTON.

Theſe

Theſe miniatures, as we may call them, preſent us with very ſtriking likeneſſes of the living originals; moſt of whom are ſeen to as much advantage in this ſmall ſize, as they could poſſibly have been, had they been taken at full length. How happy is the alluſion to Mr. DRAKE's * well-known ſpeech, which in the metaphor of our poet, we may ſtile, a beautiful icicle of the moſt tranſparent eloquence! How juſt too, and yet how conciſe is the deſcription of the literary and parliamentary talents, ſo equally poſſeſſed by Brother CHARLES and Brother HARRY, as Lord Mulgrave affectionately calls them. We muſt, however, obſerve, that in the Manuſcript of the ROLLIAD, obligingly communicated to us by the Author, the line appears to have been firſt written,

Reſplendent PHIPPS, who ſhines our leſſer Bear;

the noble head of this illuſtrious family having been called the Great Bear. But

* "Behold, Sir, another feature of the procraſtinating ſyſtem. Not ſo the Athenian Patriots—Sir, the Romans—Sir, I have loſt the clue of my argument—Sir, I will ſit down."

this

this was corrected, probably in consequence of the Poet having discovered, like Mr. Herschel, that the splendor, which he long attributed to a single constellation, or (if we may depart a little from critical nicety in our figure) to a single star, in reality flowed from the united rays of two. We have nothing further to add on this passage, only that the character of VILLERS seems to be drawn after the Nireus of Homer; who, as the Commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

N° IV.

A New edition (being the nineteenth) of this univerſally admired poem, having been recently publiſhed, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce ſome new lines on an occaſion perfectly congenial to his muſe, and in the higheſt degree intereſting to the public, namely, the late Faſt and Thankſgiving; together with the famous diſcourſe preached in celebration of that day by that illuſtrious orator and divine, the Reverend Mr. SECRETARY PRETTYMAN.—This epiſode, which is emphatically termed by himſelf in his prefatory addreſs to this laſt edition, his Epiſode Parſonic, ſeems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is conſidered by critics as one of the happieſt effuſions of the diſtinguiſhed genius from whoſe high-rapped fancy it originated. It conſiſts of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we ſhall ſubmit the following extracts to the in-

ſpection, or, more properly ſpeaking, the admiration of our readers. He ſets out with a moſt ſpirited compliment to Dr. PRETTYMAN. The two firſt lines are conſidered by critics as the moſt ſucceſsful example of the alliterative ornament upon record.

Prim Preacher, Prince of Prieſts, and * Prince's Prieſt;
Pembroke's pale pride—in PITT's *præcordia* plac'd.
—Thy merits all ſhall future ages ſcan,
And PRINCE be loſt in PARSON PRETTYMAN.

The beauty of the hiſtorical alluſion to Prince Prettyman, need not be pointed out to our readers; and the preſage that the fame of this Royal perſonage ſhall be loſt and abſorbed in the riſing reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly happy and well turned. The celebrated paſſage of Virgil,

"Tu Marcellus eris:"

is ſuppoſed to have been in the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this paſſage, not that the

* The Doctor is Chaplain to his Majeſty.—He was bred at Pembroke-hall, in Cambridge.

"Oh

" Oh miſerande puer!"

in the preceding line, is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. Pitt.

Our author now purſues his Hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giving a minute deſcription of his *perſonæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured, but animated detail of the Doctor's perſonal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is diſtinguiſhed, he ſays,

> ARGUS could boaſt an hundred eyes, 'tis true,
> The DOCTOR looks an hundred ways with two;
> Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through.

This is a very elegant and claſſic compliment, and ſhews clearly what a decided advantage our Reverend Hero poſſeſſes over the celebrated Οφθαλμοδηλος of antiquity. Addiſon is juſtly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he

ſelects and applies familiar words to great occaſions, as in the inſtances:

——" The great, the important day,
" *Big* with the fate of Cato and of Rome."——
" The ſun grows *dim* with age, &c. &c."

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more intereſted in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addiſon in this reſpect to our author?

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is not ſuch a word in all Cato! How well-known and domeſtic the image! How ſpecific and forcible the application! —Our author proceeds: Having deſcribed very accurately the ſtile of the Doctor's hair-dreſſing, and devoted ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically ſays:

No veal putreſcent, no dead whiting's eye,
In the true water with this ring could vie;

he

he breaks out into the following moſt inſpirited and vigorous apoſtrophe—

Oh! had you ſeen his lily, lily hand,
Stroke his ſpare cheek, and coax his ſnow-white band;
That adding force to all his pow'rs of ſpeech,
This the protector of his ſacred breech;
That point the way to Heav'n's cœleſtial grace,
This keeps his ſmall-clothes in their proper place.
Oh! how the comely preacher you had prais'd,
As now the right, and now the left he rais'd! ! !

Who does not perceive, in this deſcription, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity, divided between religion and decorum; anxious to produce ſome truths, and conceal others; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds; ever at the *bottom* of things—Who does not ſee this, and ſeeing, who does not admire? The notes that accompany this excellent epiſode, contain admirable inſtances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our eſtabliſhed religion; and we are ſorry that

that our plan will not suffer us to produce them, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his divinity quite equal to his poetry.

N°

N° V.

ON Monday laſt, the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance: and we may ſafely venture to predict, that ſhould it be followed by an hundred more, while the fertile and inexhauſtible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the ſame rapidity that the former have done; ſo univerſal is the enthuſiaſm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all perſons of acknowledged taſte, with reſpect to this wonderful and unparalleled production.

What chiefly diſtinguiſhes this edition, and renders it peculiarly intereſting at the preſent moment, is the admirable deſcription contained in it of the newly-appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members compoſing it are moſt happily, though perhaps ſomewhat ſeverely, contraſted with thoſe to whom the ſame

high office had been allotted by a former adminiſtration.

That the feelings of the public are in uniſon with thoſe of our author upon this occaſion, is ſufficiently apparent from the frequent Panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled, upon the characters of theſe diſtinguiſhed perſonages. In truth, the ſuperiority of our preſent excellent adminiſtration over their opponents, can in no inſtance be more clearly demonſtrated, than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the perſons appointed by each of them to preſide in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this compariſon by the following elegant compliment to the accompliſhed Nobleman, whoſe ſituation, as Secretary of State, entitles him to a priority of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever enſure him a due ſuperiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

SYDNEY,

SYDNEY, whom all the pow'rs of rhetorick grace,
Conſiſtent SYDNEY fills FITZWILLIAM's place;
O, had by nature but proportion'd been
His ſtrength of genius to his length of chin,
His mighty mind in ſome prodigious plan,
At once with eaſe had reach'd to Indoſtan!

The idea conveyed in theſe lines, of the poſſibility of a feature in the human face extending to ſo prodigious a diſtance as the Eaſt-Indies, has been objected to as ſomewhat hyperbolical. But thoſe who are well acquainted with the perſon, as well as the character of the noble lord alluded to, and who are unqueſtionably the beſt judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion. Neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but muſt have ariſen merely from the paſſage not having been properly underſtood. It by no means ſuppoſes his Lordſhip to have literally a chin of ſuch prepoſterous dimenſions, as muſt be imagined, for the purpoſe of reaching to the Eaſt-Indies; but figuratively ſpeaking, only purports, that if his Lordſhip's mental faculties are co-extenſive with that diſ-

tinguiſhed feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the conſideration of the moſt diſtant objects. The meaning of the author is ſo obvious, that this cavil probably originated in wilful miſapprehenſion, with a view of detracting from the merit of one of the moſt beautiful paſſages in the whole poem.

What reader can refuſe his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are ſo juſtly, ſtrongly, and at the ſame time ſo conciſely delineated?

Acute obſervers, who with ſkilful ken
Deſcry the characters of public men,
Rejoice that pow'r and patronage ſhould paſs
From *jobbing* MONTAGUE, to *pure* DUNDAS;
Exchange with pleaſure, ELLIOT, LEW'SHAM, NORTH,
For MULGRAVE's tried integrity and worth;
And all muſt own, that worth completely tried,
By turns experienc'd upon every ſide.

How happy is the ſelection of epithets in theſe lines! How forcibly deſcriptive of

of the character to which they are applied! In the ſame ſtrain he proceeds:—

Whate'er experience GREGORY might boaſt,
Say, is not WALSINGHAM himſelf a hoſt?
His grateful countrymen, with joyful eyes,
From SACKVILLE's aſhes ſee this Phœnix riſe;
Perhaps with all his maſter's talents bleſt,
To ſave the Eaſt as he ſubdu'd the Weſt.

The hiſtorical alluſion is here judiciouſly introduced; and the pleaſing proſpect hinted at, of the ſame happy iſſue attending our affairs in the Eaſtern, that has already crowned them in the Weſtern world, muſt afford peculiar ſatisfaction to the feelings of every Britiſh reader.

The next character is moſt ingeniouſly deſcribed, but like a former one, containing ſome *perſonal* alluſions, requires, in order to be fully underſtood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in queſtion, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleaſure of ſeeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the reſemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing FLETCHER's ſtead,
A youth, who boaſts no common ſhare of head;
What plenteous ſtores of knowledge may contain
The ſpacious tenement of GRENVILLE's brain!
Nature, in all her diſpenſations wiſe,
Who form'd his head-piece of ſo vaſt a ſize,
Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to beſtow
Its due proportion to the part below;
And hence we reaſon, that, to ſerve the ſtate,
His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the deſcription of the principal perſon of the board, the author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations diſappointed; he has reſerved him for the laſt, and has judiciouſly evaded diſgracing him by a compariſon with any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus.

"None but himſelf can be his parallel."
DOUBLE FALSEHOOD.

As he has drawn this character at conſiderable length, we ſhall content ourſelves with

with ſelecting ſome few of the moſt ſtriking paſſages, whatever may be the difficulty of ſelecting where almoſt the whole is equally beautiful. The grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the ſublime ſenſations ſuitable to the dignity of a ſubject ſo exalted.

Above the reſt, majeſtically great,
Behold the infant Atlas of the ſtate,
The matchleſs miracle of modern days,
In whom Britannia to the world diſplays
A ſight to make ſurrounding nations ſtare;
A kingdom truſted to a ſchool-boy's care.

It is to be obſerved to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unqueſtionably favourable to the preſent happy government, he does not ſcruple, with that boldneſs which ever characteriſes real genius, to animadvert with freedom on perſons of the moſt elevated rank and ſtation; and he has accordingly interſperſed his commendations of our favorite young Miniſter with much excellent and reaſonable counſel, fore-warning him of the dangers to which he is by his

ſituation expoſed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues, made in the Houſe of Commons by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following obſervation:

——As MULGRAVE, who ſo fit,
To chaunt the praiſes of ingenuous PITT?
The nymph unhackney'd and unknown abroad,
Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.
The dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
And claſps the maiden miſchief to his arms,
Till dire diſeaſe reveals the truth too late:
O grant my country, Heav'n, a milder fate!

He attends him to the high and diſtinguiſhed ſtation he now ſo ably fills, and in a nervous ſtrain of manly eloquence, deſcribes the defects of character and conduct to which his ſituation and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly liable. The ſpirit of the following lines is remarkable:

Oft in one boſom may be found allied,
Exceſs of meanneſs, and exceſs of pride:

Oft

Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave;
Erect and proud at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall;
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others while he seems to lead.

He afterwards with great force describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness, by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation;

Shall CHATHAM's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's court;
With pow'r admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech;
And prove a pupil of St. Omer's school,
Of either KINSON, AT. or JEN. the tool?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps stare at the boldness of the concluding line, we will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the sublime to be met with in this, or any other poem.

It

It may be juſtly ſaid, as Mr. Pope has ſo happily expreſſed it—

" To ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

As we deſpair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taſte, we ſhall conclude with recommending to him the immediate peruſal of the whole poem, and in the name of an admiring public, returning our heart-felt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work,

N° VI.

IN our two laſt numbers we were happy to give our readers the earlieſt reliſh of thoſe additional beauties, with which the nineteenth and twentieth impreſſions of the ROLLIAD are enriched. And theſe interpolations we doubt not have been ſufficiently admired for their intrinſic merit, even in their detached ſtate, as we gave them. But what ſuperior ſatisfaction muſt they have afforded to thoſe, who have read them in their proper places! They are parts of a whole, and as ſuch wonderfully improve the effect of the general deſign, by an agreeable interruption of proſaic regularity.

This may appear to ſome but a paradoxical kind of an improvement, which is ſubverſive of order. It muſt be remembered, however, that the deſcent of ROLLO to the night-cellar, was undoubtedly ſuggeſted by the deſcent of Æneas to hell in the Sixth Book of Virgil; and every claſſical

Critic knows, what a noble contempt of order the Roman Poet ſtudiouſly diſplays in the review of his countrymen. From Romulus he jumps at once to Auguſtus; gets back how he can to Numa; goes ſtraight forward to Brutus; takes a ſhort run to Camillus; makes a long ſtride to Julius Cæſar and Pompey; from Cato retreats again to the Gracchi and the Scipios; and at laſt arrives in a beautiful zig-zag at Marcellus, with whom he concludes. And this muſt be right, becauſe it is in Virgil.

A ſimilar confuſion, therefore, has now been judiciouſly introduced by our Author in the Sixth Book of the ROLLIAD. He firſt ſingles out ſome of the great ſtateſmen of the preſent age; then carries us to church, to hear Dr. Prettyman preach before the Speaker and the pews; and next ſhews us, all that Mr. DUNDAS means to let the public know of the new India-Board;—that is to ſay, the Members, of whom it is compoſed. He now proceeds, where a dull Genius would probably have begun, with an accurate deſcription of the

Houſe

Houſe of Commons, preparatory to the exhibition of Mr. ROLLE, and ſome other of our political heroes, on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the Iliad; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmoſt accuracy from the ROLLIAD.

Merlin firſt uſhers Duke ROLLO into the LOBBY; marks the ſituation of the two entrances; one in the front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requeſts; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box,

——————— in which
Sits PEARSON, like a pagod in his niche;
The Gomgom PEARSON, whoſe ſonorous lungs
With "Silence! Room there!" drown an hundred tongues.

This paſſage is in the very ſpirit of prophecy, which delights to repreſent things in the moſt lively manner. We not only ſee, but hear Pearſon in the execution of his office. The language too, is truly

prophetic; unintelligible, perhaps, to thoſe to whom it is addreſſed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to thoſe who live in the time of the accompliſhment. Duke ROLLO might reaſonably be ſuppoſed to ſtare at the barbarous words "*Pagod*" and "*Gomgom*;" but we, who know one to ſignify an Indian Idol, and the other an Indian Inſtrument of muſic, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which ſuch images are applied to an officer of a Houſe of Commons, ſo completely Indian as the preſent. A writer of leſs judgment would have contented himſelf with comparing Pearſon ſimply to a

Statue in his niche——

and with calling him a Stentor, perhaps, in the next line: but ſuch unappropriated ſimilies and metaphors could not ſatisfy the nice taſte of our author.

The deſcription of the Lobby alſo furniſhes an opportunity of interſperſing a paſſage of the tender kind, in praiſe of the Pomona who attends there with oranges.

Our

Our poet calls her HUCSTERIA, and, by a dexterous ſtroke of art, compares her to Shiptonia, whoſe amours with ROLLO form the third and fourth books of the ROLLIAD.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright SHIPTONIA, late thy amorous care!
Mark how her winning ſmiles, and witching eyes,
On yonder unfledg'd orator ſhe tries!
Mark, with what grace ſhe offers to his hand
The tempting orange, pride of China's land!

This gives riſe to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique cenſure on the indecent practice of our young Senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to ſleep in the gallery.

O! take, wiſe youth, the' Heſperian fruit, of uſe
Thy lungs to cheriſh with balſamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moiſten; nor conſume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar
You reel, and ſtretch'd along the gallery, ſnore.

From this the poet naturally ſlides into a general caution againſt the vice of drunkenneſs,

enneſs, which he more particularly enforces, by the inſtance of Mr. PITT's late peril, from the farmer at Wandſworth.

Ah! think, what danger on debauch attends:
Let PITT, once drunk, preach temp'rance to his friends;
How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,
His reaſon drown'd in JENKINSON's champaigne,
A ruſtic's hand, but righteous fate withſtood,
Had ſhed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

We have been thus minute in tracing the tranſitions in this inimitable paſſage, as they diſplay, in a ſuperior degree, the wonderful ſkill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the preſent pure and immaculate Miniſter; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our readers would in anywiſe have ſuſpected.

——————Ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat.

From the Lobby we are next led into the ſeveral committee-rooms, and other offices adjoining; and among the reſt, MERLIN, like a noble Lord, whoſe diary

was

was ſome time ſince printed, "takes occaſion to inſpect the water-cloſets,"

Where offerings, worthy of thoſe altars, lie,
Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply;
With dead-born taxes, innocent of ill,
With cancell'd clauſes of the India bill:
There pious NORTHCOTE's meek rebukes, and here
The labour'd nothings of the SCRUTINEER;
And reams on reams of tracts, that without pain,
Inceſſant ſpring from SCOTT's prolific brain.
Yet wherefore to this age ſhould names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?
Turn then, my ſon, &c. &c.

This paſſage will probably ſurpriſe many of our readers, who muſt have diſcovered our author to be, as every good and wiſe man muſt be, firmly attached to the preſent ſyſtem. It was natural for Dante to ſend his enemies to hell; but it ſeems ſtrange that our poet ſhould place the writings of his own friends and fellow-labourers in a water-cloſet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might ariſe from envy, to find ſome of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cauſe, than himſelf. But though great minds have

ſome-

ſometimes been ſubject to this paſſion, we cannot ſuppoſe it to have influenced the author of the ROLLIAD in the preſent inſtance. For in that caſe we doubt not he would have ſhewn more tenderneſs to his fellow-ſufferer, the unfortunate Mr. NORTHCOTE, who, after ſacrificing his time, degrading his profeſſion, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week, for theſe two or three years paſt, has at length confeſſed his patriotiſm weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labours. To confeſs the truth, we ourſelves think the apparent ſingularity of the poet's conduct on this occaſion, may be readily aſcribed to that independence of ſuperior genius, which we noticed in our laſt number. We there remarked, with what becoming freedom he ſpoke to the Miniſter himſelf; and in the paſſage now before us, we may find traces of the ſame ſpirit, in the alluſions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India-bill. Why then ſhould it appear

extraordinary, that he ſhould take the ſame liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their maſter; and without ſcruple intimate, what he and every one elſe muſt think of their productions, notwithſtanding he may poſſeſs all poſſible charity for the good intention of their endeavours?

We cannot diſmiſs theſe criticiſms, without obſerving on the concluding lines, how happily our author, here again, as before by the mention of Shiptonia, contrives to recall our attention to the perſonages more immediately before us, MERLIN and Duke ROLLO!

N°. VII.

WE come now to the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies, where the glory of political integrity ſhines viſibly, ſince the ſhrine has been purified from Lord J. CAVENDISH, Mr. FOLJAMBE, Mr. COKE, Mr. BAKER, Major HARTLEY, and the reſt of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after making a minute ſurvey of the Lobby, peeping into the Eating-room, and inſpecting the Water-cloſets, we are at length admitted into the Houſe itſelf. The tranſition here is peculiarly grand and ſolemn. MERLIN, having corrected himſelf for waſting ſo much time on inſignificant objects,

> (Yet wherefore to this age ſhould names be known,
> But heard, and then forgotten in their own?)

immediately directs the attention of Rollo to the doors of the houſe, which are repreſented in the viſion, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curioſity; then

then the prophet ſuddenly cries out, in the language of ancient Religion,

——Procul, ô procul eſte profani!

Turn then, my ſon, where to thy hallow'd eye
Yon doors unfold—Let none profane be nigh!

It ſeems as if the poet, in the preceding deſcriptions, had purpoſely ſtooped to amuſe himſelf with the Gomgom Pearſon, Hucſteria, Major Scott, Mr. Northcote, and the Reverend author of the Scrutineer, that he might riſe again with the more ſtriking dignity on this great occaſion.

MERLIN now leads ROLLO to the centre of the Houſe,

Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque ſonantem.

He points out to him the gallery for ſtrangers to ſit in, and members to ſleep in; the bar below, and the clock above. Of the clock he obſerves,

When this ſhall point the hour of queſtion come,
Mutes ſhall find voice, and Orators be dumb.

This, if in lengthen'd parle the night they paſs,
Shall furniſh ſtill his opening to DUNDAS;
To PITT, when "hear-hims" flag, ſhall oft ſupply
The chear-trap trick of ſtale apology;
And, ſtrange to tell! in Nature's ſpite, provoke
Hot ARDEN once to blunder at a joke.

The beauty of theſe lines will be inſtantly perceived by all who have witneſſed the debates; as they cannot but have remarked, how perpetually "*the late hour of night*" occupies the exordiums of Mr. DUNDAS, after eleven o'clock; and how frequently it is introduced by Mr. PITT as a hint, for what is called *chearing*, whenever his arguments and invectives are received by his young friends with the unparliamentary compliment of ſacred ſilence. The miracle of a jeſt from Mr. ARDEN, happened on the occaſion of ſome Reſolutions having paſſed between the hours of *ſix* and *ſeven* in the morning; for which reaſon the Attorney-General facetiouſly contended, that they were entitled to no reſpect, "as the houſe was then at *fix's* and *ſevens*." Any approximation to wit in debate, being perfectly unuſual with this gentleman,

tleman, however entertaining his friends may think him in private, our author very properly diſtinguiſhes this memorable attempt by the ſame kind of admiration, with which poets commonly mention ſome great prodigy—as for inſtance, of a cow's ſpeaking;

——— pecudeſque locutæ,
Infandum!

We hope none of our readers will attribute to us the moſt diſtant intention of any invidious compariſon.

The table, mace, &c. are next deſcribed, but theſe we ſhall paſs over in ſilence, that we may get—where moſt who enter the Houſe of Commons, wiſh to get—to the TREASURY-BENCH,

Where ſit the gowned clerks, by antient rule,
This on a chair, and that upon a ſtool;
Where ſtands the well-pil'd table, cloth'd in green;
There on the left the TREASURY-BENCH is ſeen.
No ſattin covering decks the' unſightly boards;
No velvet cuſhion holds the youthful Lords:
And claim illuſtrious Tails ſuch ſmall regard?
Ah! Tails too tender for a ſeat ſo hard.

This paſſage touches on a ſubject of much offence to the young friends of the miniſter; we mean the barbarous and Gothic appearance of the benches in the Houſe of Commons. The Treaſury-bench itſelf looks no better than a firſt form in one of our public ſchools:

> No ſattin covering decks the' unſightly boards,
> No velvet cuſhion holds the youthful Lords.

The above couplet ſtates with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The compoſition is then judiciouſly varied. The whole art of the poet is employed to intereſt our paſſions in favour of the neceſſary reform, by expoſtulatory interrogations and interjections the moſt affectingly pathetic. And who can read the former, without feeling his ſenſe of national honour moſt deeply injured by the ſuppoſed indignity; or who can read the latter, without melting into the moſt unfeigned commiſeration for the actual ſufferings to which the youthful Lords are at preſent expoſed? It muſt,

doubtleſs,

doubtleſs, be a ſeaſonable relief to the minds of our readers, to be informed, that Mr. PITT (as it has been ſaid in ſome of the daily papers) means to propoſe, for one article of his Parliamentary Reform, to cover the ſeats in general with crimſon ſattin, and to decorate the Treaſury-bench, in particular, with cuſhions of crimſon velvet; one of * extraordinary dimenſions being to be appropriated to Mr. W. GRENVILLE.

The epithet "*tender*" in the laſt line we were at firſt diſpoſed to conſider as merely ſynonymous with "*youthful.*" But a friend, to whom we repeated the paſſage, ſuſpected that the word might bear ſome more emphatical ſenſe; and this conjecture indeed ſeems to be eſtabliſhed beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuſcript, which, as we before ſaid, has been communicated to us,

"Alas! that fleſh, ſo late by pedants ſcarr'd,
"Sore from the rod, ſhould ſuffer ſeats ſo hard!"

* For a deſcription of this young gentleman's perſon, from *top to bottom*, ſee N° V.

We

We give theſe verſes, not as admitting any compariſon with the text, as it now ſtands, but merely by way of commentary, to illuſtrate the Poet's meaning.

From the Treaſury-bench, we aſcend one ſtep to the INDIA-BENCH.

" There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
" Above the beardleſs rulers of the land,
" On a bare bench, alas! exalted ſit,
" The pillars of Prerogative and PITT;
" Delights of Aſia, ornaments of man,
" Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindoſtan."

The movement of theſe lines is, as the ſubject required, more elevated than that of the preceding: Yet the prevailing ſentiment excited by the deſcription of the Treaſury-bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he paſſes, in the Hemiſtich,

On a bare bench, alas!———

which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

———Ah! ſilice in nudâ———

The pompous titles ſo liberally beſtowed on the BENGAL SQUAD, as the *penny-*

leſs hirelings of oppoſition affect to call them, are truly in the Oriental taſte; and we doubt not, but every friend to the preſent happy government, will readily agree in the juſtice of ſtiling them "pillars of prerogative and Pitt, delights of Aſia, and ornaments of man." Neither, we are aſſured, can any man of any party object to the laſt of their high dignities, "Sovereigns of the Sovereign of India;" ſince the Company's well-known ſale of Shah Allum to his own Viſier, is an indiſputable proof of their ſupremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accuſed of plagiariſm, we muſt here in candour confeſs, that he ſeems, in his deſcription of the India-bench, to have had an eye to Milton's account of the devil's throne; which, however, we are told, much exceeded the poſſible ſplendour of any India-bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. Haſtings himſelf.

High on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind;

Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish hand,
Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold;
Satan *exalted sate.*———

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the Bengal squad,

The *Pillars* of Prerogative and Pitt,

So Milton calls Beelzebub,

A *Pillar* of State:——

Though, it is certain, that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles *, said to

* The following is copied from the Morning Chronicle of October 5, 1784.

Mr. HASTINGS's PERSIAN TITLES, *as engraved upon a Seal. A true Translation.*

Nabob Governor-General Hastings, *Saub,*
Pillar of the Empire,
The fortunate in War, Hero,
The most princely offspring of the Loins,
Of the King of the Universe,
The Defender of the Mahomedan Faith,
And Asylum of the World, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Translation

to be engraved on a ſeal of Mr. Haſtings, where we find the Governor General ſtiled, "*Pillar* of the Empire." But we ſhall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the moſt probable ſource of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from Beelzebub or Mr. Haſtings.

Tranſlation of a Perſian Inſcription engraven on a large fine Ruby, being the titles either given to, or aſſumed by Mrs. HASTINGS.

"Royal and Imperial Governeſs,
"The elegance of the age,
"The moſt exalted Bilkiſs,
"The Zobaide of the Palaces,
"The moſt heroic princeſs,
"Ruby Marian Haſtings, Sarby, &c. &c."

N. B. With the Muſſulmans, *Bilkiſs* ſignifies the perſon called in the Bible Hiſtory the Queen of Sheba; and *Zobaide* was a favourite wife of Mahomed; and when they wiſh to pay the higheſt compliments to a lady, they compare her to Bilkiſs and Zobaide, who poſſeſſed the moſt exalted beauty, and perfection of every kind.

N° VIII.

FROM the above general compliment to the India-bench, the poet, in the perſon of Merlin, breaks out into the following animated apoſtrophe to ſome of the principal among our Leadenhall-ſtreet Governors:

All hail! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
The minor KINSON and the major SCOTT:
And thou, of name uncouth to Britiſh ear,
From Norman ſmugglers ſprung LE MESURIER;
Hail SMITHS; and WRAXALL, unabaſh'd to talk,
Tho' none will liſten; hail too, CALL and PALK;
Thou, BARWELL, firſt and good, whoſe honour'd name,
Wide, as the Ganges rolls, ſhall live in fame,
Second to HASTINGS: and, VANSITTART, thou,
A ſecond HASTINGS, if the Fates allow.

The bold but truly poetical apocope, by which the Meſſrs. At-kinſon and Jen-kinſon, are called the two kinſons, is already familiar to the public. The minor Kinſon, or Kinſon the leſs, is obviouſly Mr. Atkinſon; Mr. Jenkinſon being confeſſed-

ly

ly greater than Mr. Atkinſon, or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antitheſis of the Major Scott to the minor Kinſon, ſeems to aſcertain the ſenſe of the word Major, as ſignifying in this place the greater; it might mean alſo the elder; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure ſo much admired by the antients under the name of the Paronomaſia, or Pun. They who recollect the light in which our author before repreſented Major Scott, as a pamphleteer, fit only to furniſh a water-cloſet, may poſſibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER SCOTT; but whatever may be his literary talents, he muſt be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conſpicuous place here aſſigned him, if we conſider him in his capacity of agent to Mr. Haſtings, and of conſequence chief manager of the Bengal Squad; and it muſt be remembered, that this is the character in which he is here introduced. The circumſtance of Mr. Le Meſurier's origin from Norman Smugglers,

has been erroneouſly ſuppoſed by ſome critics to be deſigned for a reproach; but they could not poſſibly have fallen into this miſtake, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addreſſed by MERLIN to ROLLO, who was himſelf no more than a Norman pirate. Smuggling and piracy in heroic times were not only eſteemed not infamous, but abſolutely honourable. The Smiths, Call and Palk of our poet, reſemble the

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque,

of Homer and Virgil; who introduce thoſe gallant warriors for the ſake of a ſmooth verſe, and diſpatch them at a ſtroke without the diſtinction of a ſingle epithet. Our poet too has more profeſſedly imitated Virgil in the lines reſpecting Mr. Vanſittart, now a candidate to ſucceed Mr. Haſtings.

——And, VANSITTART, thou
A ſecond HASTINGS, if the fates allow,
——Si quâ fata aſpera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!

The paſſage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviouſly

viouſly improved in the imitation; as it involves a climax, moſt happily expreſſed. Mr. Barwell has been panegyrized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *ſecond to Haſtings*; but of Mr. Vanſittart it is propheſied, that he will be a *ſecond Haſtings*; ſecond indeed in time, but equal perhaps in the diſtinguiſhing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the intereſts of the Company in preference to his own, abſtinence from rapacity and extortion, juſtice and policy toward the princes, and humanity to all the natives of Hindoſtan. The ingenious turn on the words, *ſecond to Haſtings*, and a *ſecond Haſtings*, would have furniſhed matter for whole pages to the Dionyſius's, Longinus's, and Quintilians of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taſte may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

The poet then hints at a moſt ingenious propoſal for the embelliſhment of the India-bench, according to the new plan of Parliamentary Reform; not by fitting it up like

like the Treaſury-bench, with velvet cuſhions, but by erecting for the accommodation of the Leadenhall worthies, the ivory bed, which was lately preſented to her Majeſty by Mrs. Haſtings.

O that for you, in Oriental ſtate,
At eaſe reclin'd to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were ſpread
(With the QUEEN's leave) your WARREN's ivory bed!

The pannels of the gallery too, over the canopy of the bed, are to be ornamented with ſuitable paintings.

Above, in colours warm with mimic life,
The German huſband of your WARREN's wife
His rival's deeds ſhould blazon; and diſplay,
In his bleſt rule the glories of your ſway.

What ſingular propriety, what ſtriking beauty muſt the reader of taſte immediately perceive in this choice of a painter to execute the author's deſign! It cannot be doubted but Mrs. Haſtings would exert all her own private and all Major Scott's public influence with *every* branch of the Legiſlature, to obtain ſo illuſtrious a job

for

for the man to whoſe affection, or to whoſe want of affection, ſhe owes her preſent fortunes. The name of this artiſt is Imhoff; but though he was once honoured with Royal Patronage, he is now beſt remembered from the circumſtance, by which our author has diſtinguiſhed him, of his former relation to Mrs. Haſtings.

Then follow the ſubjects of the paintings, which are ſelected with the uſual judgment of our poet.

Here might the tribes of ROHILCUND expire,
And quench with blood their towns, that ſink in fire;
The BEGUMS there, of pow'r, of wealth forlorn,
With female cries their hapleſs fortune mourn.
Here hardly reſcu'd from his guard, CHEYT SING
Aghaſt ſhould fly; there NUNDCOMAR ſhould ſwing;
Happy for him! if he had borne to ſee
His country beggar'd of the laſt rupee;
Nor call'd thoſe laws, O HASTINGS, on thy head,
Which, mock'd by thee, thy ſlaves alone ſhould dread.

Theſe ſtories, we preſume, are too public to require any explanation. But if our readers ſhould wiſh to be more particular-

ly acquainted with them, they will find them in the * Adventures of Robinſon Cruſoe, commonly called the Reports of the Select and Secret Committees, with Appendixes of Letters, Minutes, and Narratives written by Mr. Haſtings himſelf: Or they may conſult the Hiſtory of Alexander the Great, contained in Major John Scott's narrative of the adminiſtration of Mr. Haſtings. Though we would rather refer them to the latter work, as in our opinion it is one of the moſt ſatisfactory defences ever publiſhed; and proves to demonſtration, that Mr. Haſtings never committed a ſingle act of injuſtice or cruelty, but he conſtantly obtained forty or fifty lacks for the Company or himſelf—That an enquiry into paſt abuſes is an impolitic order; becauſe "much valuable time muſt "be loſt, and much odium incurred by "the attempt:" and therefore Mr. Haſtings of courſe ought not to have been cenſured at all, unleſs he had been cenſured *before* he had done any thing to deſerve

* We have the higheſt law authority for this title; as well as for calling Mr. Haſtings Alexander the Great.

it.—

it.—That it was right for Mr. Haſtings to keep up the good old cuſtom of receiving preſents, in defiance of a poſitive law; becauſe his predeceſſors had received as large ſums when they were authorized by cuſtom; and not prohibited by any law.—That Mr. Haſtings was juſtified in diſobeying the orders of the Directors, becauſe he could no otherwiſe have convinced the Country Powers of his ſuperiority over his Maſters, which was, and is, abſolutely neceſſary—that, though it may be queſtioned if Nundcomar was legally condemned, it was proper to execute him, in order to ſhew the juſtice and impartiality of the Judges in hanging the natives, whom they were ſent eſpecially to protect.—That a Treaty of Peace between two nations is of no force, if you can get one of the individuals who officially ſigned it, to conſent to the infraction of it—together with many other poſitions, equally juſt and novel, both in Ethics and Politics.

But to return to our Poet. MERLIN now drops his apoſtrophe, and eulogizes the

India-bench in the third perſon for the bleſſings of Tea and the Commutation Tax. The following paſſage will ſhew our author to be, probably a much better Grocer than Mr. Pitt; and perhaps little inferior to the Tea-Purchaſer's Guide.

What tongue can tell the various kinds of Tea?
Of Blacks and Greens, of Hyſon and Bohea;
With Singlo, Congou, Pekoe, and Souchong;
Cowſlip the fragrant, Gun-powder the ſtrong:
And more, all heatheniſh alike in name,
Of humbler ſome, and ſome of nobler fame.

The prophet then compares the breakfaſts of his own times with thoſe of ours: attributes to the former the intractable ſpirit of that age; and from the latter fervently prays, like a loyal ſubject, for the perfect accompliſhment of their natural effects; that they may relax the nerves of Engliſhmen into a proper ſtate of ſubmiſſion to the ſuperior powers. We ſhall inſert the lines at length.

On mighty beef, bedew'd with potent ale,
Our Saxons, rous'd at early dawn, regale;

And

And hence, a ſturdy, bold, rebellious race,
Strength in the frame, and ſpirit in the face,
All ſacred right of Sovereign Pow'r defy,
For Freedom conquer, or for Freedom die.
Not ſo their ſons of manners more polite;
How would they ſicken at the very ſight!
O'er Chocolate's rich froth, o'er Coffee's fume,
Or Tea's hot tide their noons ſhall they conſume.
But chief, all ſexes, every rank and age,
Scandal and Tea, more grateful, ſhall engage;
In gilded roofs, beſide ſome hedge in none,
On poliſh'd tables, or the caſual ſtone.
Be *Bloom* reduc'd; and PITT no more a foe,
Ev'n PITT, the favourite of the fair ſhall grow;
Be but *Mundungus* cheap; on light and air
New burthens gladly ſhall our peaſants bear,
And boil their peaceful kettles, gentle ſouls!
Contented,—if no tax be laid on coals.
Aid then, kind Providence, yon' generous Bench,
With copious draughts the thirſty realm to drench;
And oh! thy equal aid let PRESTON find,
With * *muſty-ſweet* and *mouldy-freſh* combin'd,
To palſy half our iſle: 'till, wan, and weak,
Each nerve unſtrung, and bloodleſs every cheek,
Head anſwering head, and noddling thro' the ſtreet,
The deſtin'd change of Britons is complete;

* The Tea-dealers aſſure us, that Mr. PRESTON's *ſweet* and *freſh* Teas contain a great part of the *muſty* and *mouldy* cheſts, which the Trade rejected.

Things

Things without will, like India's feeble brood,
Or China's ſhaking Mandarines of wood.
So may the Crown in native luſtre ſhine,
And Britiſh Kings re-ſume their right divine.'

We have been thus prolix in giving the whole of this quotation, as we think it glances very finely at the true policy, why it is expedient to encourage the univerſal conſumption of an article, which ſome factious people have called a pernicious luxury. And our readers, we are perſuaded, will agree with us, when we decidedly pronounce this as good a defence of the Commutation Tax, as we have yet ſeen.

We muſt obſerve however that our author is probably indebted to the extenſive information of Lord Sydney, for the hint of the following couplet:

In gilded roofs, beſide ſome hedge in none,
On poliſh'd tables, or the caſual ſtone.

The Secretary of State in the diſcuſſion of the above-mentioned tax, very ably calculated the great quantity of tea conſumed under hedges by vagrants, who have no houſes; from which he moſt ingeniouſly argued to the juſtice and equity of laying the impoſt on perſons who have houſes, whether they conſume it or not.

We

We ſhall conclude this number, as the Poet concludes the ſubject, with ſome animated verſes on Mr. Fox and Mr. PITT.

Crown the froth'd Porter, ſlay the fatted Ox,
And give the Britiſh meal to Britiſh Fox.
But for an Indian miniſter more fit,
Ten cups of pureſt Padrae pour for PITT,
Pure as himſelf; add ſugar too and cream,
Sweet as his temper, bland as flows the ſtream
Of his ſmooth eloquence; then criſply nice
The muffin toaſt, or bread and butter ſlice,
Thin as his arguments, that mock the mind,
Gone, ere you taſte,—no reliſh left behind.
Where beauteous Brighton overlooks the ſea,
Theſe be his joys: and STEELE ſhall make the Tea.

How neat! how delicate! and how unexpected is the alluſion in the laſt couplet! Theſe two lines alone include the ſubſtance of whole columns, in the miniſterial papers of laſt ſummer, on the ſober, the chaſte, the virtuous, the edifying manner in which the Immaculate Young Man paſſed the receſs from public buſineſs; not in riot and debauchery, not in gaming, not in attendance on ladies, either modeſt or immodeſt, but in drinking Tea with Mr. Steele, at the Caſtle in Brighthelmſtone. Let future ages read and admire!

N° IX.

IN every new edition of this incomparable poem, it has been the invariable practice of the author, to take an opportunity of adverting to ſuch recent circumſtances, as have occurred ſince the original publication of it, relative to any of the illuſtrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been aſſured, that the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the Univerſity of Glaſgow, and has preſented that learned body with a complete ſet of the engravings of Piraneſi, an eminent Italian artiſt; of which, we are happy to acquaint the Dilettanti, a few remaining ſets are to be purchaſed at Mr. Alderman Boydell's printſhop, in Cheapſide, price twelve pounds twelve ſhillings each. An anecdote reflecting ſo much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our author, could not paſs unnoticed in the ROLLIAD; and accordingly, in his laſt edition,

tion, we find the following complimentary lines upon the ſubject:

If right the Bard, whoſe numbers ſweetly flow,
That all our knowledge is ourſelves to know;
A ſage like GRAHAM, can the world produce,
Who in full ſenate call'd himſelf a gooſe?
The' admiring Commons, from the high-born youth,
With wonder heard this undiſputed truth;
Exulting Glaſgow claim'd him for her own,
And plac'd the prodigy on Learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent preſent above-mentioned, and concludes in that happy vein of alliterative excellence, for which he is ſo juſtly admired——

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous GRAHAM grac'd,
Great Glaſgow grows the granary of taſte.

Our readers will doubtleſs recollect, that this is not the firſt tribute of applauſe paid to the diſtinguiſhed merit of the public-ſpirited young Nobleman in queſtion. In the firſt edition of the poem, his character was drawn at length, the many ſervices he has rendered his country were enumerated, and we have lately been aſſured by our

worthy friend and correſpondent, Mr. Malcolm M'Gregor, the ingenious author of the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, and other valuable poems, that the following ſpirited verſes, recording the ever-memorable circumſtance of his Lordſhip's having procured for the inhabitants of the Northern extremity of our Iſland, the ineſtimable privilege of exempting their poſteriors from thoſe ignominious ſymbols of ſlavery, vulgarly denominated breeches, are actually univerſally repeated with enthuſiaſm, throughout every part of the Highlands of Scotland———

Thee, GRAHAM! thee, the frozen Chieftains bleſs,
Who feel thy bounties thro' their fav'rite dreſs!
By thee they view their reſcu'd country clad
In the bleak honours of their long-loſt plaid;
Thy patriot zeal has bar'd their parts behind
To the keen whiſtlings of the wint'ry wind;
While Lairds the dirk, while laſſes bag-pipes prize,
And oat-meal cake the want of bread ſupplies;
The ſcurvy ſkin, while ſcaly ſcabs enrich,
While contact gives, and brimſtone cures the itch,
Each breeze that blows upon thoſe brawny parts,
Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts;

And

And while they freſhen from the Northern blaſt,
So long thy honour, name, and praiſe ſhall laſt.

We need not call to the recollection of the claſſical reader,

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dūm piſcis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudeſque manebunt.

And the reader of taſte will not heſitate to pronounce, that the copy has much improved upon, and very far ſurpaſſed the original. In theſe lines we alſo find the moſt ſtriking inſtances of the beauties of alliteration; and however ſome faſtidious critics have affected to undervalue this excellence, it is no ſmall triumph to thoſe of a contrary ſentiment to find, that next to our own incomparable author, the moſt exalted genius of the preſent age has not diſdained to borrow the aſſiſtance of this ornament, in many paſſages of the beautiful dramatic treaſure with which he has recently enriched the ſtage. Is it neceſſary for us to add, that it is the new tragedy of the Carmelite to which we allude?—A tragedy, the beauties of which, we will

venture confidently to assert, will be admired and felt, when those of Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, Southerne, and Rowe, shall be no longer held in estimation. As examples of alliterative beauty, we shall select the following:—

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept off.

Again———

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they flow,
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks.

The alternate alliteration of the second line, in this instance, seems an improvement upon the art, to the whole merit of which Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably entitled.

Afterwards we read,

———Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we cannot here fail to admire the judiciously selected

ſelected epithet of "*carking*"; and the two lines immediately following, although no example of that merit, ſhould not be omitted:

Now, without intereſt, or redemption ſwallow'd,
By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How ſtriking is the compariſon of the ocean, to a bankrupt ſwallowing without intereſt or redemption, the property of his unfortunate creditors? Where ſhall we find a ſimile of equal beauty, unleſs ſome may poſſibly judge the following to be ſo, which is to be found in another part of the ſame ſublime work, of two perſons weeping——

——— We will ſit,
Like fountain ſtatues, face to face oppos'd,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word———

Our readers, we truſt, will pardon our having been diverted from the taſk we have undertaken, by the ſatisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this juſtly popular and univerſally admired tragedy, which

which in our humble opinion infinitely ſurpaſſes every other theatrical compoſition, being in truth an aſſemblage of every poſſible dramatic excellence: nor do we believe, that any production, whether of ancient or modern date, can exhibit a more uncommon and peculiar ſelection of language, a greater variety of ſurpriſing incidents, a more rapid ſucceſſion of extraordinary diſcoveries, a more curious collection of deſcriptions, ſimilies, metaphors, images, ſtorms, ſhipwrecks, challenges, and viſions, or a more miſcellaneous and ſtriking picture of the contending paſſions of love, hatred, piety, madneſs, rage, jealouſy, remorſe, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance preſents to the admiration of the enraptured ſpectator. Mr. Cumberland has been repreſented, perhaps unjuſtly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his cotemporaries, but we are perſuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him ſecond only to the inimitable author of the ROLLIAD.

To

To return from the digreſſion into which a ſubject ſo ſeducing has involuntarily betrayed us. The reader will recollect, that in our laſt we left MERLIN gratifying the curioſity of ROLLO, with a view of that Aſſembly of which his Deſcendant is one day deſtined to become ſo conſpicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India-Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſupporters of the preſent virtuous Adminiſtration. Having already mentioned the moſt confidential friends of the Miniſter, he now introduces us to the acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occaſions been pointedly ſevere upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his ſentiments upon any ſubject, whether relating to the Eaſt-Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Weſtminſter Election, without a copious diſſertation upon the principles, cauſes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo! BEAUFOY riſes, friend to ſoft repoſe;
Whoſe gentle accents prompt the houſe to doſe:

His cadence juſt, a general ſleep provokes,
Almoſt as quickly as SIR RICHARD's jokes.
Thy ſlumbers, NORTH, he ſtrives in vain to break,
When all are ſleeping thou would'ſt ſcarce awake;
Though from his lips ſevere invectives fell,
Sharp as the acid he delights to ſell.

In explanation of the laſt line, it may be, perhaps, neceſſary to appriſe our readers, that this accompliſhed orator, although the elegance of his diction, and ſmoothneſs of his manner, partake rather of the properties of oil, is in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The ſpeaker alluded to, under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the ſame whom our author, upon a former occaſion, ſtiled——

Sleep-giving poet of a ſleepleſs night.

The limits of our plan will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic deſciption of the SPEAKER's ſituation, nor the admirable compariſon of Lord MAHON preying on his patience, to the vulture devouring

vouring the liver of Prometheus. The neceſſity of the Speaker's continuing in the chair while the Houſe ſits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil:

——— ſedet æternumque ſedebit
Infelix Theſeus ———

There CORNEWALL ſits, and, oh unhappy fate!
Muſt ſit for ever through the long debate;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's ſovereign will,
Sometimes to empty, and ſometimes to fill.
Painful pre-eminence! he hears, 'tis true,
FOX, NORTH, and BURKE, but hears SIR JOSEPH too.

Then follows the ſimile——

Like ſad PROMETHEUS, faſten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain th' effects of ſtrength'ning porter tries,
And nods to BELLAMY for freſh ſupplies;
While vulture-like, the dire MAHON appears,
And, far more ſavage, rends his ſoft'ning ears.

N° X.

AMONGST the various pretenſions to critical approbation, which are to be found in the excellent and never-ſufficiently-to be admired production, which is the object of theſe comments, there is one that will ſtrike the claſſical obſerver as peculiarly prominent and praiſe-worthy; —namely, the uncommon ability ſhewn by the author, in the ſelection of his heroes. The *perſonæ* that are introduced in the courſe of this poem, are characters that ſpeak for themſelves. The very mention of their names, is a ſummons to approbation; and the relation of their hiſtory, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a Jenkinſon, a Robinſon, or a Dundas, has not in the ſame breath heard alſo what they are? This is the ſecret of our author's ſcience and excellence. It is this that enables him

to

to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to faſten upon his buſineſs, if one may uſe the expreſſion, ſlap-daſh, and at once.

Semper ad eventum feſtinat, et in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas auditorem rapit. HOR.

Homer himſelf yields, in this reſpect, to our author; for who would not perceive the evident injuſtice done to the modern bard, if we were to place the wiſdom of an Ulyſſes on any competition with the experience of a Pitt; to mention the bully Ajax, as half ſo genuine a bully, as the bully Thurlow; if we were to look upon Neſtor as having a quarter of the intereſting circumlocution of the ambiguous Nugent; to conſider Achilles as poſſeſſed of half the anger of a ROLLE; or to ſuppoſe for a moment, that the famous ποδας-ωκυς of antiquity, could run nearly ſo faſt in a rage, as the member for Devon in a fright; to conceive the yellow-haired Paris to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired Villiers;

to look upon Agamemnon as in any degree ſo dictatorial to his chiefs as the high-minded Richmond; to conſider the friendſhip of Patroclus, as poſſeſſed of a millionth portion of the diſintereſted attachment of a Dundas; to have any conception that the choſen band of Theſſalian Myrmidons, were to be any way compared, in point of implicit ſubmiſſion, to the ſtill more dextrouſly choſen band of the Miniſter in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons. Or—but there is no end to ſo invidious a compariſon; and we will not expoſe poor Homer, to the farther mortification of purſuing it.

MERLIN proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object that will not, we believe, prove any diſgrace to our author's general judgment of ſelection; namely, that worthy Baronet, and univerſally admired wit, Sir RICHARD HILL, of whom it may be truly ſaid,

——— Pariter pietate jociſque,
Egregius.

He

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every diſtinction, and has thought proper therefore, in the laſt edition of the ROLLIAD, though the Baronet had been * ſlightly touched upon before, to enlarge what was then ſaid, into a more particular deſcription. Speaking of Sir Richard's ſtyle of elocution, our author obſerves—

With quaint formality of ſacred ſmut,
His rev'rend jokes ſee pious RICHARD cut.
Let meaner talents from the Bible draw
Their faith, their morals Theſe, and Thoſe their law;
His lively genius finds in holy writ
A richer mine of unſuſpected wit.
What never Jew, what never Chriſtian taught,
What never fir'd one ſectary's heated thought,
What not e'en † ROWLAND dream'd, he ſaw alone,
And to the wondering ſenate firſt made known;
How bright o'er mortal jokes the Scriptures ſhine
Reſplendent Jeſt-book of bon-mots divine.

This deſcription will be readily felt, and, we truſt, not leſs cordially admired, by all thoſe who may have enjoyed the pleaſure of auricular evidence to Sir Richard's

* See N° III.

† The Reverend ROWLAND HILL, brother of Sir Richard.

oratory. The thought of converting the Bible into a *jeſt book*, is, we believe, quite new; and not more original in itſelf, than characteriſtically juſt in its application to the ſpeaker. We all know that Saul affected inſanity for the ſake of religion, in the early periods of our holy faith; and why ſo great an example ſhould not be imitated in later times, we leave it to the prophane to ſhew.

We know not whether it is worth obſerving, that the eloquence of this illuſtrious family is not confined to Sir Richard alone; but that his brother inherits the ſame gift, and if poſſible, in a greater degree. It is ſaid, there is an intention of diveſting this latter gentleman of his clerical robe, and bringing him into the ſenate, as the avowed competitor of our modern Cromwell. If this happy event ſhould luckily take place, we ſhall literally ſee the obſervation then realiſed, that the Miniſtry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other ſide of the Houſe, what they have ſo long wanted and deſerved,

" ——— A *Rowland* for their *Oliver*."

This, however, by the way. Our author reſumes his ſubject with the following ſpirited apoſtrophe:———

Methinks I ſee him from the Bench ariſe,
His words all keenneſs, but all meek his eyes;
Define the good religion might produce,
Practice its higheſt excellence—abuſe;
And with his tongue, that two-edg'd weapon, ſhew,
At once, the double worth of JOB and JOE.

Job, as ſome of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Teſtament, and is uſed here *per ſynechdochen*, as a part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural, than the preference given to this book, on this occaſion, as Sir Richard is well known in his ſpeeches to be ſo admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The perſon of the name of *Joe*, who has received ſo laconic a mention in the laſt line of the above extract, will be recogniſed by the critical and the intelligent, as the ſame individual who diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo eminently in the ſixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. Joſeph Miller; a great genius, and an author, avowedly

avowedly in the higheſt eſtimation with our learned Baronet.

The buſineſs of the compoſition goes on.—It is evident, however, the poet was extremely averſe to quit a ſubject upon which his congenial talents repoſed ſo kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard, therefore, without the following finiſhed and moſt high-wrought compliment:

With wit ſo various, piety ſo odd,
Quoting by turns from Miller, and from God;
Shall no diſtinction wait thy honour'd name?
No lofty epithet tranſmit thy fame?
Forbid it wit, from mirth refin'd away!
Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'ſt ſo gay!
Scipio, we know, was Africanus call'd,
Richard ſtyl'd Long-Shanks—Charles ſurnam'd The Bald;
Shall theſe, for petty merits be renown'd,
And no proud phraſe, with panegyric ſound,
Swell thy ſhort name, great Hill?——Here take thy due,
And hence be call'd the Scriptural Killigrew.

The adminiſtration of baptiſm to adults, is quite conſonant to Sir Richard's creed;

creed; and we are perfectly ſatisfied, there is not a Member in the Houſe of Commons, that will not ſtand ſponſor for him on this honourable occaſion. Should any one aſk him in future,—who gave you that name? Sir Richard may fairly and truly reply, My Godfathers, &c. and quote the whole of the lower aſſembly, as coming under that deſcription.

MERLIN, led, as may be eaſily ſuppoſed, by ſympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed his wand to another worthy baronet, hardly leſs worthy of diſtinction than the laſt perſonage himſelf, namely, Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY. Of him the author ſets out with ſaying,

Let this, ye wiſe, be ever underſtood,
SIR JOSEPH is as witty as he's good.——

Here, for the firſt time, the annotators upon this immortal poem, find themſelves compelled, in critical juſtice to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The diſtich, of which the above is a parody, was compoſed by the worthy

hero of this part of the ROLLIAD, the amiable Sir Joseph himself, and runs thus:

Ye ladies, of your hearts beware:
SIR JOSEPH's false as he is fair.

How kind, and how discreet a caution! This couplet, independent of its other merits, possesses a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the transcendent ornament of Truth. How far, indeed, the falshood of this respectable individual has been displayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of sober criticism to enquire. We take up the assertion with a large comprehension, and with a stricter eye to general character——

SIR JOSEPH's false as he is fair.——

Is it necessary to challenge, what no one will be absurd enough to give—a contradiction to so acknowledged a truth? Or is it necessary to state to the fashionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joseph's boasted falshood, it cannot surpass the fairness of his complexion? The

poſition, therefore, is what logicians call convertible: nothing can equal his falſhood but his fairneſs; nothing his fairneſs but his falſhood.—Incomparable!

Proceeding to a deſcription of his eloquence, he ſays,

A ſty of pigs, though all at once it ſqueaks,
Means not ſo much as MAWBEY when he ſpeaks;
And hiſt'ry ſays, he never yet had bred
A pig with ſuch a voice, or ſuch a head!
Except, indeed, when he eſſays to joke;
And then his wit is truly pig-in-poke.

Deſcribing Sir Joſeph's acquiſitions as a ſcholar, the author adds,

His various knowledge I will ſtill maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiouſly ſuggeſted, that the laſt line of this couplet ſhould be printed thus,

His is indeed a knowing man—in grain.

aſſigning as their reaſon, that the phraſe in grain evidently alludes to bran, with

which Sir Joſeph's little grunting commonwealth is ſupported; and for the diſcreet and prudent purchaſe of which our worthy baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his deſcription of this great ſenator with the following diſtich:

Such adaptation ne'er was ſeen before,
His trade a hog is, and his wit—a boar.

It has been propoſed to us to amend the ſpelling of the laſt word, thus, *bore*; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a paſſage is pre-eminently ſtriking as above, we waſte not criticiſm in uſeleſs efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this hiſtory of wits, without ſaying ſomething of another individual; whom, however, he deſcribes as every way inferior to the two laſt mentioned, but who, nevertheleſs, poſſeſſes ſome pretenſions to a place in the ROLLIAD. The individual

individual alluded to, is Mr. GEORGE SELWYN. The author deſcribes him as a man poſſeſſed of

A plenteous magazine of retail wit
Vamp'd up at leiſure for ſome future hit;
Cut for ſuppos'd occaſions, like the trade,
Where old new things for every ſhape are made!
To this aſſortment well prepar'd at home,
No human chance unfitted e'er can come:
No accident, however ſtrange or queer,
But meets its ready, well-kept comment here.
—The wary beavers thus their ſtores increaſe,
And ſpend their winter on their ſummer's greaſe.

The whole of the above deſcription will doubtleſs remind the claſſic reader of the following beautiful paſſage in the Tuſculan Queſtions of Cicero: *Neſcio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quaſi ſæculorum* quoddam augurium futurorum—*idque in* maximis ingeniis altiſſimiſque animis *exiſtit maxime et apparet facillime*. This will eaſily account for the ſyſtem of previous fabrication ſo well known as the character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an accident that befel this gentleman in the *wars*, our author proceeds thus:

Of

Of old, when men from fevers made eſcape,
They ſacrific'd a Cock to ÆSCULAPE:
Thus, Love's hot fever now for ever o'er,
The prey of amorous malady no more,
SELWYN remembers what his tutor taught,
That old examples ever ſhould be ſought!
And, gaily grateful, to his ſurgeon cries,
"I've given to you the Ancient Sacrifice."

The delicacy with which this hiſtorical incident is pourtrayed, would of itſelf have been ſufficient to tranſmit our author's merit to poſterity: and with the above extract we ſhall finiſh the preſent number of our commentaries.

N° XI.

THE next perſon among the adherents of the Miniſter, whom MERLIN now points out to the notice of ROLLO, is SIR SAMUEL HANNAY, Baronet, a name recollected with great gratitude in the Houſe: for there are few Members in it to whom he has not been ſerviceable. This worthy character indeed has done more to diſprove Martial's famous aſſertion,

Non cuicunque datum eſt habere *naſum*,

than any individual upon record.

The author proceeds—

But why, my HANNAY, does the ling'ring Muſe
The tribute of a line to thee refuſe?
Say, what diſtinction moſt delights thine ear,
Or *Philo-Pill*, or *Philo-Miniſter?*
Oh! may'ſt thou none of all thy titles lack,
Or Scot, or Stateſman, Baronet, or Quack;
For what is due to him, whoſe conſtant view is
Preventing private, or a public *lues?*

Who,

Who, that read the above deſcription, do not during the firſt impreſſion of it, ſuppoſe that they ſee the worthy Baronet once more the pride of front advertiſement—once more diſpenſing diſregard and oblivion amongſt all his competitors; and making your Leakes, your Lockyers, and your Velnos,

——hide their diminiſh'd heads.—

In the paſſages which immediately follow, the poet goes on to felicitate the community upon the probable advantages to be derived to them from the junction of this illuſtrious perſonage with our immaculate Miniſter. He divides his congratulations into two parts. He firſt conſiders the conſequences of the union, as they may affect the body perſonal; and ſecondly, as they may concern the body politic. Upon the former ſubject, he ſays,

This famous pair, in happy league combin'd,
No riſques ſhall man from wand'ring beauty find;
For, ſhould not chaſte example ſave from ill,
There's ſtill a refuge in the other's pill.

With

With a ſketch equally brief and maſterly as the above, he deſcribes his hopes on the other branch of his diviſion.

The body politic no more ſhall grieve
The motley ſtains that dire corruptions leave;
No dang'rous humours ſhall infeſt the ſtate,
Nor *rotten Members* haſten Britain's fate.

Our author who, notwithſtanding his uſual and characteriſtic gravity, has yet not unfrequently an obvious tendency to the ſportive, condeſcends now to take notice of a rumour, which in theſe times had been univerſally circulated, that Sir Samuel had parted with his ſpecific, and diſpoſed of it to a gentleman often mentioned, and always with infinite and due reſpect in the ROLLIAD, namely Mr. Dundas. — Upon this he addreſſes Sir Samuel with equal truth and good humour in the following couplet:

Then ſhall thy med'cine boaſt its native bent,
Then ſpread its genuine bleſſing—*to prevent*.

Our readers cannot but know, it was by the means of a noſtrum, emphatically

called a *Specific*, that Mr. Dundas ſo long contrived to prevent the conſtitutional lues of a *Parliamentary Reform*. The author, however, does not profeſs to give implicit credit to the fact of Sir Samuel's having ungratefully diſpoſed of his favourite recipe, the happy ſource of his livelihood and fame; the more ſo, as it appears that Mr. Dundas had found the very word *ſpecific*, ſufficient for protracting a dreaded political evil on the three ſeveral inſtances of its application. Under this impreſſion of the thing, the poet ſtrongly recommends Sir Samuel to go on in the proſecution of his original profeſſion, and thus expreſſes his wiſh upon the occaſion, with the correct tranſcript of which we ſhall cloſe the hiſtory of this great man:

In thoſe ſnug corners by thy ſkill diſplay'd,
Where Nature's tribute modeſtly is paid:
Or near fam'd Temple bar may ſome good dame,
Herſelf paſt ſport, but yet a friend to game,
Diſperſe thy bills, and eternize thy fame.

MERLIN

MERLIN now calls the attention of our hero to a man whom there is little doubt this country will long remember, and ſtill leſs, that they will have abundant reaſon for ſo doing, namely, Mr. SECRETARY ORDE. It may ſeem odd by what latent aſſociation our author was led to appeal next to the Right Honourable Secretary, immediately after the deſcription of a Quack Doctor; but let it be recollected in the firſt place, to the honour of Sir Samuel Hannay, that he is, perhaps, the only man of his order that ever had a place in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons; and in the ſecond, that there are ſome leading circumſtances in the character of Mr. Orde, which well intitle him to rank under the very ſame deſcription as the worthy Baronet himſelf. We all know that the moſt famous of all phyſicians, *Le Medecin malgrè lui*, is repreſented by Moliere, as a man who changes the ſeat of the heart, and reverſes the intire poſition of the vital parts in the human body. Now let it be aſked, has not Mr. Orde done this moſt completely and effectually with reſpect to

the general body of the State? Has he not transferred the heart of the Empire? Has he not changed its circulation, and altered the ſituation of the vital part of the whole, from the left to the right, from the one ſide to the other, from Great-Britain to Ireland?—Surely no one will deny this; and therefore none will be now ignorant of the natural gradation of thought, by which our author was led, from the contemplation of Sir Samuel Hannay, to the character of Mr. Orde.

We know not whether it be worth remarking, that the term *Le Medecin malgrè lui*, has been tranſlated into Engliſh with the uſual incivility of that people to every thing foreign, by the uncourtly phraſe of *Mock Doctor*. We truſt, however, that no one will think it applicable in this interpretation to Mr. Orde, as it is pretty evident he has diſplayed no mockery in his State practices, but has performed the character of Moliere's *Medecin*, even beyond the notion of the original; by having effected, in ſad and ſober truth, to

the full as complete a change in the poſition of the *Cœur de l'Empire*, as the lively fancy of the Dramatiſt had imputed to his phyſician, with reſpect to the human body, in mere ſpeculative joke.

With a great many apologies for ſo long a note, we proceed now to the much more pleaſant part of our duty—that of tranſcribing from this excellent compoſition; and proceed to the deſcription of Mr. Orde's perſon, which the Poet commences thus:

Tall and erect, unmeaning, mute, and pale,
O'er his blank face no gleams of thought prevail;
Wan as the man in claſſic ſtory fam'd,
Who told Old PRIAM that his Ilion flam'd;
Yet ſoon the time will come when ſpeak he ſhall,
And at his voice another Ilion fall!

The excellence of this deſcription conſiſts as that of a portrait always muſt, in a moſt ſcrupulous and inveterate attention to likeneſs.——Thoſe who know the original, will not queſtion the accuracy of reſemblance on this occaſion. The idea conveyed in the laſt line,

And

And at his voice another Ilion fall,

is a ſpirited imitation of the *fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium*, of Virgil, and a moſt ſtateſman-like anticipation of the future fate of England.

The author now takes an opportunity of ſhewing the profundity of his learning in Britiſh hiſtory. He goes on to ſay,

Cæsar, we know, with anxious effort try'd,
To ſwell, with Britain's name, his triumph's pride:
Oft he eſſay'd, but ſtill eſſay'd in vain;
Great in herſelf, ſhe mock'd the menac'd chain.
But fruitleſs all—for what was Cæsar's ſword
To thy all-conquering ſpeeches, mighty Orde!!!

Our author cannot ſo far reſiſt his claſſical propenſity in this place, as to refrain from the following alluſion; which, however, muſt be confeſſed at leaſt, to be applied with juſtice.

Amphion's lyre, they ſay, could raiſe a town;
Orde's elocution pulls a Nation down.

He proceeds with equal ſpirit and erudition to another circumſtance in the earlier periods of Engliſh hiſtory,

The

The lab'ring boſom of the teeming North
Long pour'd, in vain, her valiant offſpring forth;
For GOTH or VANDAL, once on Britiſh ſhore,
Relax'd his nerve, and conquer'd ſtates no more.
Not ſo the VANDAL of the modern time,
This latter offſpring of the Northern clime;
He, with a breath, gives Britain's wealth away,
And ſmiles, triumphant, o'er her ſetting ray.

It will be neceſſary to obſerve here, that after much enquiry and very laborious ſearch, as to the birth-place of the Right Honourable Secretary (for the honour of which, however difficult now to diſcover, Hibernia's cities will doubtleſs hereafter contend) we found that he was born in NORTHUMBERLAND; which, added to other circumſtances, clearly eſtabliſhes the applicability of the deſcription of the word *Goth*, &c. and particularly in the lines where he calls him the

—— VANDAL of the modern time,
The latter offſpring of the Northern clime.

Having inveſtigated, with an acumen and minuteneſs ſeldom incident to genius, and very rarely met with in the ſublimer poetry,

poetry, all the circumſtances attending an event which he emphatically deſcribes as the *Revolution* of ſeventeen hundred and eighty-five, he makes the following addreſs to the Engliſh:

No more, ye Engliſh, high in claſſic pride,
The phraſe uncouth of Ireland's ſons deride;
For ſay, ye wiſe, which moſt performs the fool,
Or he who *ſpeaks*, or he who *acts*—a BULL.

The Poet catches fire as he runs;

—— Poetica ſurgit
Tempeſtas.

He approximates now to the magnificent, or perhaps more properly to the *mania* of Poetry, and, like another Caſſandra, begins to try his ſkill at prophecy; like her he predicts truly, and like her, for the preſent at leaſt, is not, perhaps, very implicitly credited.——He proceeds thus:

'Rapt into future times, the Muſe ſurveys,
The rip'ning wonders of ſucceeding days:
Sees Albion proſtrate, all her ſplendour gone!
In uſeleſs tears her priſtine ſtate bemoan;
Sees the fair ſources of her pow'r and pride,
In purer channels roll their golden tide;

Sees

Sees her at once of wealth and honour ſhorn,
No more the nations' envy, but their ſcorn;
A ſad example of capricious fate,
Portentous warning to the proud and great:
Sees Commerce quit her deſolated iſle,
And ſeek in other climes a kinder ſoil;
Sees fair Ierne riſe from England's flame,
And build on Britiſh ruin, Iriſh fame.

The Poet in the above paſſage, is ſuppoſed to have had an eye to Juno's addreſs to Æolus in the firſt book of the Æneid.

Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor
Ilium in *Italiam* portans, *Victos* que *Penates*.

N° XII.

THOUGH we have at length nearly exhauſted the beauties of that part of our author's work, in which the characters of the leading Members of the Houſe of Commons are ſo poetically and forcibly delineated; we ſhall find, however, that the genius of the poet ſeems to receive freſh vigour, as he approaches the period of his exertions, in the illuſtrious Mr. ROLLE. What can be more ſublime or pictureſque than the following deſcription?

Erect in perſon, ſee yon Knight advance,
With truſty 'Squire, who bears his ſhield and lance;
The Quixote HOWARD! Royal Windſor's pride,
And Sancho Panca POWNEY by his ſide:
A monarch's champion, with indignant frown
And haughty mien, he caſts his gauntlet down;
Majeſtic ſits, and hears, devoid of dread,
The dire Philippicks whizzing round his head.
Your venom'd ſhafts, ye ſons of Faction ſpare;
However keen, they cannot enter there.

And

And how well do theſe lines, immediately ſucceeding, deſcribe the manner of ſpeaking, which characterizes an orator of ſuch conſiderable weight and authority.

He ſpeaks, he ſpeaks! Sedition's chiefs around,
With unfeign'd terror hear the ſolemn ſound;
While little POWNEY chears with livelier note,
And ſhares his triumph in a ſilent vote.

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an inſtance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is ſo generally celebrated, vulgarly diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of a *Bull*; erroneouſly conceiving a ſilent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to: thoſe, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who moſt loudly exert themſelves, in what is called *chearing* ſpeakers, are not upon that account entitled to be themſelves conſidered as ſuch.—Our author has indeed done injuſtice to the worthy member in queſtion, by claſſing him among the number of mutes, he having uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the mi-

litia; of which truly conſtitutional body, he is a moſt reſpectable Pillar, and one of the moſt conſpicuous ornaments.

It is unqueſtionably the higheſt praiſe we can beſtow upon a member of the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, to ſay, that he is a faithful repreſentative of the people, and upon all occaſions ſpeaks the real ſentiments of his conſtituents; nor can an honeſt ambition to attain the firſt dignities of the ſtate, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime. The following encomium, therefore, muſt be acknowledged to have been juſtly merited by a noble Lord, whoſe independent and diſintereſted conduct has drawn upon him the cenſures of diſappointed faction.

The NOBLE CONVERT, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day, to gain an Iriſh title glad,
For Fox he voted—ſo the people bad;
'Mongſt Engliſh Lords ambitious grown to ſit,
Next day the people bade him vote for PITT;
To join the ſtream, our Patriot nothing loth,
By turns diſcreetly gave his voice to both.

The

The title of Noble Convert, which was beſtowed upon his Lordſhip by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here moſt judiciouſly adopted by our Author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended, no doubt, to convey a ſevere reproach, ought rather to be conſidered as a ſubject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy againſt themſelves—

"Neque lex eſt juſtior ulla, &c."

In the next character introduced, ſome perſons may perhaps object to the ſeeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect; eſpecially one which has been the conſequence of a moſt cruel accident; but when it is conſidered, that the mention of the perſonal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compliment to the ſuperior qualifications of the mind, this objection, though founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumſtance of one of the Repreſentatives of the firſt city in the world having loſt his leg, while bathing in the ſea,

ſea, by the bite of a ſhark, is well known; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himſelf of the uſe of an artificial one, have eſcaped the obſervation of thoſe who have ſeen him in the Houſe of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accuſtomed to introduce his very pointed and important obſervations upon the matters in deliberation before that auguſt aſſembly.

"One moment's time might I preſume to beg?"
Cries modeſt WATSON, on his wooden leg;
That leg, in which ſuch wond'rous art is ſhown,
It almoſt ſeems to ſerve him like his own;
Oh! had the monſter, who for breakfaſt eat
That luckleſs limb, his nobler noddle met,
The beſt of workmen, nor the beſt of wood,
Had ſcarce ſupply'd him with a head ſo good.

To have aſſerted that neither the utmoſt extent of human ſkill, nor the greateſt perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking ſo arduous, would have been a ſpecies of adulation ſo fulſome, as to have ſhocked the known modeſty of the worthy magiſtrate; but the forcible

forcible manner in which the difficulty of ſupplying ſo capital a loſs is expreſſed, conveys, with the utmoſt delicacy, a handſome, and, it muſt be confeſſed, a moſt juſtly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers muſt have frequently obſerved, been practiſed with great ſucceſs, by our author; yet we cannot help thinking that he has puſhed the precept of this great critic ſomewhat too far, in having condeſcended to copy, may we venture to ſay with too much ſervility, a genius ſo much inferior to himſelf as Mr. Pope. We allude to the following lines:

Can I NEWHAVEN, FERGUSON forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms, or Scottiſh wit?
MACDONALD, ſhining a refulgent ſtar,
To light alike the ſenate and the bar;
And HARLEY, conſtant to ſupport the throne,
Great follower of its intereſts, and his own.

The ſubſtitution of *Scottiſh* for *Attic*, in the ſecond line, is unqueſtionably an improve-

provement, ſince however Attic wit may have been proverbial in ancient times, the natives of Scotland are ſo confeſſedly diſtinguiſhed among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds conſiderable force to the compliment. But however happily and juſtly the characters are here deſcribed, we cannot think this merit ſufficient to counterbalance the objection we have preſumed to ſuggeſt, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high reſpect we entertain for the genius of our author.

Mr. Addiſon has obſerved, that Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty, but he could not with juſtice have ſaid the ſame of the author of the ROLLIAD; and we will venture to aſſert, that the ſingle book of this Poem, now under our conſideration, is, in this reſpect, ſuperior to the whole, both of the Iliad and the Æneid together. The characters ſucceed each other with a rapidity that

ſcarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their ſeveral beauties.

GALWAY and GIDEON, in themſelves a hoſt,
Of York and Coventry the ſplendid boaſt;
WHITBREAD and ONGLEY, pride of Bedford's vale,
This fam'd for ſelling, that for ſaving ale;
And NANCY POULETT, as the morning fair,
Bright as the ſun, but common as the air;
Inconſtant nymph! who ſtill with open arms,
To ev'ry Miniſter devotes her charms.

But when the Poet comes to deſcribe the character of the hero of his work, the preſent Member for the county of Devon, whom MERLIN points out to his illuſtrious anceſtor, as uniting in himſelf all the various merits of the worthies whoſe excellencies he has recorded, he ſeems to riſe even above himſelf.—It is impoſſible to do juſtice to his character, without tranſcribing the whole, which would exceed the limits of our work; we ſhall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, becauſe they contain characteriſtic obſervations upon other diſtinguiſhed Members,

moſt of whom have hitherto paſſed unnoticed.

In thee, my ſon, ſhall ev'ry virtue meet,
To form both ſenator and man complete;
A mind like WRAY's, with ſtores of fancy fraught,
The wiſe Sir WATKIN's vaſt extent of thought;
Old NUGENT's ſtyle, ſublime, yet ne'er obſcure,
With BAMBER's Grammar, as his conſcience pure;
BRETT's brilliant ſallies, MARTIN's ſterling ſenſe,
And GILBERT's wit, that never gave offence:
Like WILKES, a zealot in his Sovereign's cauſe,
Learn'd as MACDONALD in his country's laws;
Acute as AUBREY, as Sir LLOYD polite,
As EASTWICKE lively, and as AMBLER bright.

The juſtice of * the compliment to SIR CECIL WRAY, will not be diſputed by thoſe

* The characteriſtic of *Fancy*, which our Poet has attributed to Sir Cecil, muſt not be miſunderſtood. It is a Fancy of the chaſtized kind; diſtinguiſhed for that elegant ſimplicity, which the French call *naiveté*, and the Greeks αφελεια. We ſhall inſert here two or three of the ſhorter ſpecimens.

To CÆLIA, (*now Lady* WRAY) *on ſeeing her the 8th of Auguſt, 1776, powdering her Hair.*

EXTEMPORE.

Thy locks, I trow, fair maid,
Don't never want this aid:

thoſe who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful ſpecimens of juvenile poetry, with which ſome of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal deſcendant of the learned and celebrated Martinus, reads "Starling Martin's ſenſe," alluding to that powerful opponent of the deteſtable Coalition having recommended, that a bird

Wherefore thy powder ſpare,
And only *comb* thy hair.

To Sir Joseph Mawbey, *propoſing, in conſequence of a previous Engagement, a Party to go a fiſhing for White-Bait.*

Worthy Sir Joe, we all are wiſhing,
You'll come with us a White-Bait fiſhing.

A Thought on New Milk *ſome Time toward the Spring of the Year* 1773.

Oh! how charming is New Milk!
Sweet as ſugar!—ſmooth as ſilk!

An Idea *on a* Peck *of* Coals.

I buy my Coals by pecks, that we
May have 'em *freſh* and *freſh*, d'ye ſee.

of that ſpecies ſhould be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the houſe of that diſgraceful event, which had nearly eſtabliſhed an efficient and ſtrong government in this country: to which ſevere and admirable ſtroke of ſatire, the object of it clumſily and uncivilly anſwered, that whilſt that gentleman ſat in the houſe, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy. We have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and ſhall continue to read, "Martin's Sterling ſenſe," as well becauſe we are of opinion that theſe words are peculiarly applicable to the gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author ſhould have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent ſarcaſm, upon a perſon of ſuch eminent abilities.

The compliment to Mr. B. G. in the compariſon of the purity of his language, to the integrity of his conduct, is happily con-

conceived; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy Chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praiſe, and will, we are perſuaded, notwithſtanding the violence of party, by all ſides be admitted to be ſtrictly juſt.

N° XIII.

AFTER concluding the review of the Miniſterialiſts with the young Marcellus of the Poem, the illuſtrious Mr. ROLLE; our author directs the attention of DUKE ROLLO to the Oppoſition-bench. He notices the cautious ſilence of MERLIN relative to that ſide of the Houſe, and rather inquiſitively aſks the reaſon; on which the Philoſopher (a little unphiloſophically, we muſt confeſs) throws himſelf into a violent paſſion, and for a long time is wholly incapable of articulating a ſyllable. This is a common ſituation in poets both ancient and modern, as in Virgil and Milton;

> Ter conata loqui, &c.
> Thrice he eſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
> Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth, &c.

but we will venture to aſſert, that it was never painted in a manner half ſo lively, as by the author of the ROLLIAD.

Thrice

Thrice he eſſay'd, but thrice in vain eſſay'd;
His tongue, throat, teeth, and lips, refus'd their aid:
Till now the ſtifled breath a paſſage broke;
He gaſp'd, he gap'd—but not a word he ſpoke.

How accurately, and learnedly has the poet enumerated all the organs of ſpeech, which ſeparately and jointly refuſe to execute their reſpective offices! How ſuperior is this to the ſimple cleaving of the tongue to the palate, the *Vox faucibus hæſit* of Virgil. For as Quintilian obſerves, a detail of particulars is infinitely better than any general expreſſion, however ſtrong. Then the poor Prophet obtains a little remiſſion of his paroxyſm; he begins to breathe convulſively—*he gaſped*; he opens his mouth to its utmoſt extent—*he gaped*; our expectations are raiſed, but alas! he ſtill continues unable to utter—*not a word he ſpoke*. Surely nothing can be more natural in point of truth, than all the circumſtances of this inimitable deſcription; nothing more artful in point of effect, than the ſuſpence and attention which it begets in the mind of the reader!

At

At length, however, MERLIN recovers his voice; and breaks out into a ſtrain of moſt animated invective, infinitely ſuperior to every thing of the kind in Homer; though the old Grecian muſt be acknowledged not to want ſpirit in the altercations or ſcolding-matches of his Heroes and Gods. The Prophet begins, as a man in any great emotion always muſt, at the middle of a verſe;

——————— Tatterdemalions,
Scald-miſerables, Raſcals, and Raſcalions,
Buffoons, Dependants, Paraſites, Toad-eaters,
Knaves, Sharpers, Black-legs, Palmers, Coggers, Cheaters,
Scrubs, Vagrants, Beggars, Mumpers, Ragamuffins,
Rogues, Villains, Bravos, Deſperados, Ruffians,
Thieves, Robbers, Cut-throats, &c. &c. &c.

And in this manner he proceeds, with ſingle appellatives of reproach, for ten or twelve lines further; when, his virtuous indignation a little ſubſiding, or his Dictionary failing, he becomes more circumlocutory; as for inſtance,

Burglarious Scoundrels, that again would ſteal
The PREMIER's Plate, and CHANCELLOR's Great Seal;

Of

which ſtyle he continues for more than twenty lines.

We are truly ſorry, that the boundaries of our plan would not allow us to preſent our readers with the whole of this finiſhed paſſage in detail; as it furniſhes an indiſputable proof, that, however the Greek language may have been celebrated for its copiouſneſs, it muſt yield in that reſpect to the Engliſh. For if we were to collect all the terms of infamy bandied about *, from Æſchines to Demoſthenes, and from Demoſthenes back again to Æſchines; and if to theſe we ſhould add in Latin the whole torrent of calumny poured by Cicero on Antony and Piſo; though the ancient orators were tolerably fluent in this kind of eloquence, they would, all together, be found to fall very ſhort of our poet, ſhackled as he is with rhyme, in the force no leſs than the variety of his objurgatory epithets.

* More particularly in their two famous orations, which are entitled "*On the Crown.*"

At the ſame time it muſt not be concealed, that he poſſeſſed one very conſiderable advantage in the rich repoſitories of our miniſterial news-papers. He has culled the flowers, ſkimmed the cream, and extracted the very quinteſſence of thoſe elegant productions with equal induſtry and ſucceſs. Indeed, ſuch of our readers as are converſant with the Morning Poſt and Public Advertiſer, the White-Hall, the St. James's, and in ſhort, the greater part of the evening prints, will immediately diſcover the paſſage now before us to be little more than a cento. It is however ſuch a cento as indicates the man of genius, whom puny ſcribblers may in vain endeavour to imitate in NEW ROLLIADS.

It is poſſible, MERLIN might even have gone on much longer: but he is interrupted by one of thoſe diſturbances which frequently prevail in the Houſe of Commons. The confuſion is finely deſcribed in the following broken couplet:

Spoke! ſpoke!—Sir—Mr. Speaker—Order there!
I riſe—ſpoke!—Queſtion! Queſtion!—Chair! Chair!
Chair!

This

This incident is highly natural, and introduced with the greateſt judgment, as it gives another opportunity of exhibiting Mr. ROLLE, and in a ſituation, where he always appears with conſpicuous pre-eminence.

Great ROLLO look'd, amaz'd; nor without fears,
His hands applied by inſtinct to his ears:
He look'd, and lo! amid the wild acclaim
Diſcern'd the future glory of his name;
O'er this new Babel of the noiſy croud,
More fierce than all, more turbulent, more loud,
Him yet he heard, with thundering voice contend,
"Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, him without end."

This concluding line our author has condeſcended to borrow from Milton; but how appoſite and forcible is the application! How emphatically does it expreſs the noble perſeverance with which the Member for Devonſhire has been known to perſiſt on theſe occaſions, in oppoſition to the Speaker himſelf.

ROLLO, however, is at length wearied, as the greateſt admirers of Mr. ROLLE

have ſometimes been, with the triumphs of his illuſtrious deſcendant.

But ROLLO, as he clos'd his ears before,
Now tired, averts his eyes, to ſee no more.
Obſervant MERLIN, while he turn'd his head,
The lantern ſhifted, and the viſion fled.

To underſtand this laſt line, our reader muſt recollect, that though the characters introduced in this viſion are preternaturally endowed with ſeeming powers of ſpeech, yet the forms or ſhadows of them are ſhewn by means of a magic lantern.

Having now concluded our obſervations upon this part of the Poem—we ſhall cloſe them with remarking, that as our author evidently borrowed the idea of this viſion, in which the character of future times are deſcribed, from Virgil, he has far ſurpaſſed his original; and as his deſcription of the preſent Houſe of Commons, may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not ſcruple to aſſert, that in the execution of his deſign, that great maſter of the ſublime has fallen infinitely ſhort of him.

N° XIV.

OUR readers may poſſibly think, that verſes enough have been already devoted to the celebration of Mr. ROLLE; the Poet however is not of the ſame opinion. To crown the whole, he now proceeds to commemorate the column which is ſhortly to be erected on the ſpot, where the Member for Devonſhire formerly went to ſchool, application having been made to Parliament for leave to remove the ſchool from its preſent ſituation; and a motion being intended to follow, for appropriating a ſum of money to mark the ſcene and record the fact of Mr. ROLLE's education, for the ſatisfaction of poſterity, who might otherwiſe have been left in a ſtate of uncertainty, whether this great man had any education at all.

MERLIN firſt ſhews ROLLO the ſchool. The tranſition to this object from the preſent

ſent Houſe of Commons is eaſy and obvious. Indeed, the ſtriking ſimilarity between the two viſions is obſerved by ROLLO in the following paſſage:

The Hero ſees, thick-ſwarming round the place,
In bloom of early youth, a buſy race;
Propria quæ maribus, with barbarous ſound,
Syntax and *proſody* his ear confound.
" And ſay (he cries) Interpreter of fate,
" Oh! ſay, is this ſome jargon of debate?
" What means the din, and what the ſcene, proclaim;
" Is this another viſion, or the ſame?
" For truſt me, Prophet, to my ears, my eyes,
" A ſecond Houſe of Commons ſeems to riſe."

MERLIN however rectifies the miſtake of the good Duke: and points out to him his great deſcendant, in the ſhape of a lubberly boy, as remarkably mute on this occaſion, as we lately found him in the Houſe,

More fierce than all, more turbulent, more loud.

The flagellation of Mr. ROLLE ſucceeds, which, as MERLIN informs ROLLO, is his daily diſcipline. The ſight of the rod, which the Pædagogue flouriſhes with a degree of ſavage triumph over the expoſed,

and

and bleeding youth, awakens all the feelings of the anceſtor.

Stay, monſter, ſtay! he cries in haſty mood,
Throw that dire weapon down—behold my blood!

We quote this couplet the rather, becauſe it proves our author to be as good a Critic as a Poet. For the laſt line is undoubtedly a new reading of Virgil's,

Projice tela manu,—Sanguis meus!

And how much more ſpirited is this interpretation,

——————— behold my blood!

than the commonly received conſtruction of the Latin words, by which they are made to ſignify ſimply, "O my ſon!" and that too, with the aſſiſtance of a poetical licence. There is not a better emendation in all the Virgilius Reſtauratus of the learned Martinus Scriblerus.

On the exclamation of ROLLO, which we have juſt quoted, the Prophet perceiving that he has moved his illuſtrious viſitor

viſitor a little too far, adminiſters every conſolation,

" Thy care diſmiſs (the Seer replied, and ſmil'd)
" Tho' rods awhile may weal the ſacred child,
" In vain ten thouſand * BUSBIES ſhould employ
" Their pedant arts his genius to deſtroy;
" In vain at either end thy ROLLE aſſail,
" To learning proof alike at head and tail."

Accordingly this aſſurance has its proper effect in calming the mind of the Duke.

But the great topic of comfort, or we ſhould rather ſay of exultation to him, is the prophecy of the column, with which MERLIN concludes his ſpeech:

Where now he ſuffers, on this hallow'd land,
A Column, public Monument, ſhall ſtand:
And many a Bard around the ſculptur'd baſe,
In many a language his renown ſhall trace;
In French, Italian, Latin, and in Greek:
That all, whoſe curious ſearch this ſpot ſhall ſeek,
May read, and reading tell at home, return'd;
How much great ROLLE was flogg'd, how little learn'd.

* Dr. Buſby, formerly maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool, was famous for his conſumption of birch. MERLIN uſes his name here by the ſpirit of prophecy.

What

What a noble, and what a juſt character of the great ROLLE is contained in the laſt line! A mind tinctured with modern prejudices may be at a loſs to diſcover the compliment. But our author is a man of erudition, and draws his ideas from antient learning, even where he employs that learning, like * Eraſmus and the admirable Creichton, in praiſe of ignorance. Our claſſical readers therefore will ſee in this portrait of Mr. ROLLE, the living reſemblance of the antient Spartans; a people the pride of Greece, and admiration of the world, who are peculiarly diſtinguiſhed in hiſtory for their ſyſtematic contempt of the fine arts, and the patience with which they taught their children to bear floggings.

The School now vaniſhes, and the Column riſes, properly adorned with the inſcriptions, which the philoſopher explains. But as we have been favoured with correct copies of the inſcriptions themſelves, which were ſelected from a much greater number

* Eraſmus wrote an *Encomium of Folly*, with abundant wit and learning. For Creichton ſee the Adventurer.

compoſed by our univerſities, we ſhall here deſert our Poet, and preſent the public with the originals.

The two firſt are in Greek; and agreeably to the uſual ſtyle of Greek inſcriptions, relate the plain fact in ſhort and ſimple, but elegant and forcible phraſeology.

Ὧδε το Ῥητορικης δεινον στομα, θαυμα τε Βελης,
Πρωΐα ΔΕΒΩΝΙΖΕΙΝ απεμαθανε παις ποτε ΡΩΛΛΟΣ.

The word Δεβωνιζειν is not to be found in our Lexicons; but we preſume, that it means "to ſpeak the dialect of Devonſhire;" from Δεβωνια, which is Greek for Devonſhire. Accordingly, we have ſo rendered it in a tranſlation, which we have attempted for the benefit of country gentlemen and the ladies.

The Senates wonder, ROLLE* of mighty tongue,
Here firſt his Devonſhire unlearn'd, when young.

How ſimple, yet how full is the expreſſion of this diſtich! How perfectly does it agree with the notion, which our Poet has inculcated,

* The literal Engliſh is "*vehement mouth of oratory.*"

culcated, of Mr. ROLLE! He was employed at ſchool not to learn but to unlearn; his whole progreſs, was like a crab's, backward.

There is a beauty in the Greek which it is impoſſible to preſerve in Engliſh; the word which we have tranſlated "*unlearned*," is in the imperfect tenſe: and in the nicety of that accurate language implies, that the action was begun, but not compleated; that Mr. ROLLE made ſome proficiency in unlearning his Devonſhire; but had not effectually accompliſhed it during his ſtay at the ſchool.

The other Greek inſcription has ſomething more ingenious, from a ſeeming paradox in the turn of it:

Οὗτος ὁ μηπόθ' ἅτε τι μαθὼν ἅπρος μηδενὸς, ὧδε
Παὶς πάλι ΡΩΛΛΙΑΔΗΣ, ὁσσαπὲρ οἶδ', ἐμαθεν.

He, who to learning nothing owes,
Here ROLLE, a boy, learn'd all he knows.

By which concluding word "*knows*," we muſt certainly underſtand acquired know-

ledge only; ſince Mr. ROLLE has been celebrated by our Poet in the moſt unequivocal manner, as may be ſeen in the twelfth number of our Criticiſms, for his great natural faculties. The ſenſe of this laſt Epigram will then be merely, that the Member for Devonſhire had no particle of acquired knowledge; but is an *αὐτοδιδακτος*, a ſelf-taught ſcholar, a character ſo much admired in antient times. The Latin inſcription is as follows:

Hîc ferulæ dextram, hîc, virgis cædenda magiſtri,
Nuda dedit patiens tergora ROLLIADES.
At non ROLLIADEN domuerunt verbera; non, quæ
Neſcio quid gravius præmonuere, minæ.
Ah! quoties illum æqualis mirata corona eſt
Nec lacrymam in pœnis rumpere, nec gemitum!
Ah! quoties, cum ſupplicio jam incumberet, ipſi
* ORBILIO cecidit victa labore manus!
I, puer; I, forti tolerando pectore plagas,
Æmula ROLLIADÆ nomina diſce ſequi.

Here to the ferule ROLLE his hand reſign'd,
Here to the rod he bar'd the parts behind;

* A great flogger of antiquity,

——— Memini quæ *plagoſum* mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare. HOR.

But

But him no ſtripes ſubdu'd, and him no fear
Of menac'd wrath in future more ſevere.
How oft the youthful circle wond'ring ſaw
That pain from him nor tear, nor groan could draw!
How oft, when ſtill unmov'd, he long'd to jerk,
The maſter's wearied hand forſook the work!
Go, boy; and ſcorning rods, or ferules, aim
By equal worth to rival ROLLE in fame.

The beauty of theſe lines, we preſume, is too obvious to require any comment. We will confidently affirm, that they record as glorious an example of patience as any to be found in all the Hiſtory of the Flagellants, though the ingenious M. De Lolme has extended the ſubject into a handſome Quarto.

The Italian inſcription is a kind of ſhort dialogue, in which the traveller is introduced demanding the name of the perſon to whom the pillar is erected.

A chi ſi ſta queſta colonna? Al ROLLE;
Che di parlar appreſe in queſto loco
Greco e Latino nò, ma Ingleſe—un poco.
Baſta così. Chi non ſa il reſto, è folle.

This

This abrupt concluſion we think very fine. It has however been cenſured as equivocal. Some critics have urged, that the ſame turn has in fact been applied equally to men greatly famous and greatly infamous: to Johannes Mirandula, and Colonel Chartres; and in the preſent caſe, ſay theſe cavillers, it may be conſtrued to ſignify either that the reſt is too well known to require repetition, or that there is nothing more to be known. But the great character of Mr. ROLLE will at once remove all ambiguity.

The French inſcription was furniſhed by Mr. ROLLE himſelf on the day of his election. The idea was firſt expreſſed by him in Engliſh, and then done into French verſe by the * Dutch Dancing-maſter at Exeter, to whom Mr. ROLLE is indebted for

* Mynheer Hoppingen Van Caperagen, who ſoon after the publication of our firſt authentic Edition, ſent the following letter to Mr. Ridgway:

D'Exeter, ce 18 *Avril*, 1785.

" Je ſuis fort etonné, Monſieur, que vous ayez eu la hardieſſe d'admettre dans " *La Critique de la Rolliade*," une accuſation contre moi qui n'eſt nullement fondée, et qui tend à me nuire dans l'eſprit de tous les amateurs des beaux

for his extraordinary proficiency in that ſcience.

Ne pouvoir point parler à mon chien je reproche;
Moi, j'acquis en ces lieux le don de la parole:
Je vais donc, & bien vîte, à Londres par le coche,
Faire entendre au Senat, que je ſuis un vrai Rolle.

The *par le coche* ſeems to be an addition of the Dancing-maſter, who was certainly no very great poet, as appears by his uſe of feminine rhymes only, without any mixture of maſculine; an irregularity perfectly inadmiſſible, as all our polite readers muſt know, in the nicety of French proſody.

beaux arts. Sachez, Monſieur, que je me ſuis donné la peine de traduire *mot à mot* la celebre inſcription, de mon digne éleve et protecteur, *Mr. Rolle*; que je n'y ai rien ajouté, et que dans le vers où il eſt queſtion *du coche*, votre Critique n'auroit dû voir qu'une preuve de l'économie de mon ſuſdit *Mécene*. Quant aux rimes féminines que l'auteur me reproche avec tant d'aigreur, je vous dirai qu'il n'y a rien de *mâle* dans l'eſprit de Mr. *Rolle*, et que j'aurois bleſſé ſa delicateſſe en m'y prenant autrement; d'ailleurs je me moque des uſages, et je ne veux pas que mes vers ſautent à clochepied, comme ceux des poetes François, qui n'entendent rien à la dance. Je ne doute pas que vous approuviez mon ſentiment là deſſus, et que vous me faſſiez rendre juſtice ſur l'objet de ma plainte: en attendant, je vous prie de croire que je ſuis, avec le plus vif attachement,

Monſieur, votre tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,

Hoppingen Van Caperagen."

We ſhall ſubjoin for the entertainment of our readers an inſcription in the pariſh ſchool at Rouen, which was written about a century ſince on the original ROLLO.

Ici ROLLON, feſſé ſoir & matin,
Beaucoup ſouffrit, point n'apprit de Latin.
Aux fiers combats bien mieux joua ſon rôle ;
Tuer des gens lui parut choſe drôle.
Femme epouſa, plus douce que ſatin,
Et, par bonheur, dejà veuve & catin ;
D'elle recut un fils & la v———le.
Ainſi, Lecteur, naquit le premier ROLLE !

But to return to our author. After the viſion of the column, MERLIN proceeds in a ſhort ſpeech to intimate to ROLLO, that higher honours yet await his deſcendant in the Houſe of Lords,

Where ROLLE ſhall be, what ROLLO was before.

This, as may be naturally ſuppoſed, excites the curioſity of the Duke; but MERLIN declares, that it is not permitted him to reveal the glories of the Upper Houſe. The hero muſt firſt fulfil his fates, by mortally wounding the Saxon Drummer, whom Providence ſhall inſpire in his laſt moments for this particular purpoſe.

Ere

Ere yet thou know, what higher honours wait
Thy future race, accompliſh thou thy fate.
When now the braveſt of our Saxon train
Beneath thy conquering arms ſhall preſs the plain;
What yet remains, his voice divine in death
Shall tell, and Heav'en for this ſhall lengthen out his breath.

Which laſt line is moſt happily lengthened out into an alexandrine, to make the ſound an echo to the ſenſe. The pauſe too after the words "ſhall tell," finely marks the ſudden catches and ſpaſmodic efforts of a dying man. Some extracts from the Drummer's prophecies have already been given to the public; and from theſe ſpecimens of his loquacity with a thruſt in quarte through his lungs, our readers will probably ſee the propriety with which the immediate hand of Heaven is here introduced. The moſt rigid critic will not deny that here is truly the

Dignus vindice nodus,

which Horace requires to juſtify the interpoſition of a Divinity.

We are now come to the concluding lines of the ſixth book. Our readers are probably acquainted with the commonly-received ſuperſtition relative to the exit of Magicians, that they are carried away by Devils. The poet has made exquiſite uſe of this popular belief, though he could not help returning in the laſt line to his favourite Virgil. Claſſical obſervers will immediately perceive the alluſion to

——Revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus eſt;

in the deſcription of ROLLO's re-aſcent from the night-cellar into the open air.

The Prophet foreſeeing his inſtant end,

" At once, farewell" he ſaid. But, as he ſaid,
Like mortal bailiffs to the ſight array'd,
Two fiends advancing ſeiz'd; and bore away
To their dark dens the much-reſiſting prey:
While ROLLO nimbly clamber'd in a fright,
Tho' ſteep, and difficult the way, to light.

And thus ends the ſixth book of the ROLLIAD, which we have choſen for the ſub-

ject of the FIRST PART of our CRITICISMS. In the ſecond part, which is now going on in the Morning Herald, where the firſt draughts of the preſent numbers were originally publiſhed, we ſhall purſue our Commentary through the Houſe of Peers; and in a third part, for which we are now preparing and arranging materials, it is our intention to preſent our readers with a ſeries of anecdotes from the political hiſtory of our miniſtry, which our author has artfully contrived to interweave in his inimitable poem.

And here, while we are cloſing this firſt Part, we cannot but congratulate ourſelves, that we have been the humble inſtruments of firſt calling the attention of the learned to this wonderful effort of modern genius, the fame of which has already exceeded the limits of this iſland, and perhaps may not be circumſcribed by the preſent age; which, we have the beſt reaſon to believe, will very ſhortly diffuſe the glory of our preſent Rulers in many and diſtant quarters of the globe; and which may not improbably deſcend to exhibit them in their

true colours to remote poſterity. That we indeed imagine our Criticiſms to have contributed very much to this great popularity of the ROLLIAD, we will not attempt to conceal. And this perſuaſion ſhall animate us to continue our endeavours with redoubled application, that we may complete, as early as poſſible, the deſign, which we have ſome time ſince formed to ourſelves, and which we have now ſubmitted to the Public; happy, if that which is yet to come, be received with the ſame degree of favour as this, which is now finiſhed, ſo peculiarly experienced even in its moſt imperfect condition.

FINIS.

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